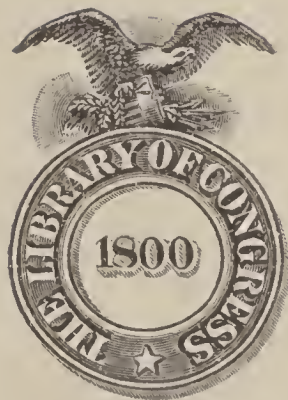


# The Saintly Calling

James Mudge



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# THE SAINTLY CALLING



# THE SAINTLY CALLING

BY  
JAMES MUDGE, D. D.

Author of  
"THE LAND OF FAITH," "THE LIFE OF LOVE," "HONEY FROM  
MANY HIVES," "GROWTH IN HOLINESS," "BEST  
OF BROWNING," ETC.

*"Called to be saints"*

—ROM. I, 7

*"The saints, in whom is all my delight"*

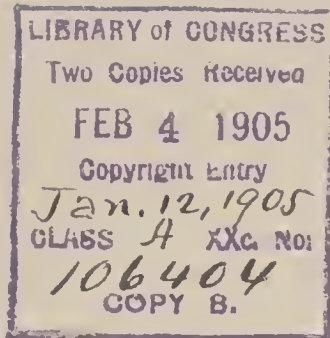
—PSA. XVI, 3



CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM  
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

1905

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## PREFACE.

EXPERIENCE teaches. It also stimulates. What God has done for others we feel that He is ready to do for us, provided that we comply with the conditions. And there is nothing better than the life of very holy men to show precisely what are the conditions and the essential qualities of highest holiness. Great pains have been taken in the sketches that make up this book, to select from a very large mass of material just those instances and incidents that would be most instructive and helpful. The cream of very many large volumes is here, the single pages or paragraphs that are worth all the rest put together. The object aimed at has been not doctrinal discussion, but religious inspiration; not theology, but life. And while it is by no means claimed that the saints here depicted are necessarily superior to some others that might be mentioned, it is fully believed that they are as well



fitted as any to guide us into the deep things of God. They have flourished, nearly all of them, in quite recent times (which is a manifest advantage), and in a great variety of conditions. He who studies them thoroughly will receive much light on the all-important question, how to reach the highest states of grace. The author, at least, owes much of his religious growth to the impetus imparted by the example of others embodied in the stores of devout biography, of which he has been a loving student. Some of the lives on which his soul has been fed are here presented in miniature, with the hope that the glimpse thus afforded of their great loveliness may attract to further acquaintance, as well as incite to similar zeal. There are many more which the limits of the present volume do not permit of inclusion in the plan. Perhaps at some future time a further draft may be made on these rich treasures, if the readers of this volume shall call for another.

*Jamaica Plain, Mass.*

J. M.

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*THE SAINTLY CALLING.*

Give me this day  
A little work to occupy my mind;  
A little suffering to sanctify  
My spirit; and, dear Lord, if Thou canst find  
Some little good that I may do for Thee,  
I shall be glad, for that will comfort me.  
Mind, spirit, heart—I leave them all to Thee.



## THE SAINTLY CALLING.

THE hero, the sage, the saint,—these three have awakened unmeasured admiration, called out unbounded eulogy, fired the hearts of men with intense desire. But the greatest of these is the saint. He is the largest, tallest, noblest person in the world, the highest conceivable type of manhood, adapted to the most exalted society, closest to the Divine. Being is more than doing, much more than knowing, infinitely more than having. To be rich is nothing, to be strong is something, to be wise is a good deal, to be holy is everything. It means oneness with God.

But what is a saint? Very erroneous conceptions abound as to the constituents of this character. That all genuine believers have this calling, and should be so designated, is a fair inference from many passages in Paul's Epistles. But it is probably idle to expect this technical

Scripture meaning of the Word to displace the more popular usage which has come down through ecclesiastical history. Whatever theologians and exegetical authorities may say, it is altogether likely that saint, in ordinary parlance, will continue to stand for a man or woman exceptionally eminent in piety, or possessing an extraordinary amount of holiness. When we endeavor, however, to formulate a little more accurately our ideas on the subject, and free them from the vagueness which so generally prevails, we find that there are difficulties. False notions, which do great harm, have on various accounts been much abroad.

The ascetic variety of saint is greatly in evidence. He was the current type some centuries ago, and still is much looked up to, not only in India, but even in Christian lands. Unless one has a goodly bundle of oddities and eccentricities, there are not a few who utterly refuse to recognize any special saintliness in him. With them robust health and mental poise are almost sins, and common sense is at a large discount. Others

make the somewhat more excusable mistake of confounding great usefulness with great holiness, thus failing to distinguish between gifts and graces. If one has large opportunities and large endowments, he is regarded as sure of a large reward, quite irrespective of the very important questions, Has he been entirely faithful to his trust? Ought he not to have done, with such advantages, much more than he has? Still others are unable to put away the preconceived opinions by which are ruled out from highest excellence all who, because of education, surroundings, or the world-period in which they live, have accepted certain doctrines, or acquired certain habits, or engaged in certain vocations, strongly obnoxious to those who make up the judgment. Practices to them clearly deleterious or manifestly absurd, for which they would stand condemned, they can not reconcile with a sensitive conscience or a close walk with God on the part of others. And so what the Lord has cleansed they call common.

How shall we correct these mistaken notions and reach something like solid ground on this

subject of saintliness? By studying the great saints of the ages as shown in standard biographies, and also by examining the best approved manuals of high Christian experience. It is a most interesting and instructive investigation. It shows us that while there is almost endless variety in minor matters and even in forms of expression, there is substantial oneness as to certain fundamental things not large in number, but exceedingly weighty in character. Among these must be mentioned a vivid sense of God, a complete and permanent realization of His actual personal prèsence, His intimate nearness as one to be spoken to and walked with. The pure in heart, we know, see God, see Him the more clearly in proportion to their greater purity. The two things go together, and each may be tested by the other. The Divine presence realized in the largest degree is Heaven. It is another way of expressing what has been so much emphasized in these later years as the infilling with the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is precisely the present God, God operating most immediately and most di-

rectly on the human heart, God exhibiting Himself in spiritual things. He in whom God abides and who abides in God will be intensely conscious of Deity. As the fish is in the water and the animal in the air, so God is the element in which he lives and moves and has his being. God is in all his thoughts; God is everything to him, perceived in every event of daily life, in the Word and in the works, in history, providence, and nature.

A perfect devotion to the will of God has been especially noticeable in all the shining ones. They have had a passion for God's will, have meditated on it day and night, have learned to welcome it in all its manifestations. This is the form their self-renunciation has taken. It has been easy to put self aside because something so infinitely superior to their own will has been offered them. They have got a view of the Divine will, which has satisfied them of its supreme loveliness, its absolute wisdom and desirability; and perceiving that self-abandonment was the necessary preliminary to the acquisition of this better



thing they have had but little difficulty in putting self entirely away. They have counted it not a sacrifice, but an investment; not a loss, but a glorious gain. They have discovered that by going down they go up, that he who gives all gets all, that in His service pain is pleasure. It is thus that consecration and crucifixion, hard words as usually looked at, have become soft, and holy living has had cast about it a halo of heavenly beauty.

Closely akin to this has been the habit, among the saints, of ignoring in great measure human instrumentalities, turning away the thought from secondary agencies, and fixing it upon the great First Cause. They have found it best to deal directly with God in all the events that met them, saving themselves thus a world of trouble. It has seemed to them that since men were but God's hands and things the products of His power, it is far better to go straight to headquarters and transact business with the responsible manager. They have noticed the universal language of Scripture showing this trend, and have adopted

its point of view. In this way they have been delivered from a thousand temptations, have broken the power of circumstances, have defied appearances, have had constant communion with the Father, have changed defeat into victory. They have been able to take all from Him and do all for Him, and while this is the case, what but unspeakable bliss can be the result? This makes God great and makes Him immanent, installs Him as Sovereign and hails Him King.

It is impossible and unnecessary to enumerate all the tokens of saintship. But the burning heart must not be omitted. In other words, there has always been a glow of love to Christ, close personal friendship for the Savior who has been dearer than all earthly friends. The terms of endearment in which they have indulged have sometimes been almost, or quite, a scandal to colder souls. The cup of their gratitude has run over. Their affection has been at the boiling point. Words have failed them, nor have ordinary deeds appeared anywhere near sufficient to meet the case. They have longed for something quite out

of the common, some chance at a martyr's part to show adequately what they felt. They understand perfectly how it was with Mary of Bethany when she had to break the flask of alabaster. They are not careful, in one sense, about commands, for they account the slightest wish of Jesus, however indicated, to be for them the strongest of laws. They would gladly die the worst of deaths to give Him the least of pleasures.

Unselfishness, of course, comes prominently into this list of saintly qualities. This goes without saying. He who loves Jesus with all his heart will love his neighbor likewise. He who gets very near to Christ will get very near to the suffering, toiling masses, upon whom Christ looked with such compassion, and will be unable to forget their needs. Self can no longer be the center of such a one's efforts, nor the shrine of his worship. To do good to others will seem to him of more consequence than ministering to his own enhanced comfort. He will find his deepest joy in enlarged spheres of usefulness. He will think more and

more of the work to be done, less and less of added prominence and emoluments for the worker. While he may not in every case seem unselfish to careless onlookers, who are very poor judges—for, as Emerson well says, “those who live to the future must always appear selfish to those who live to the present”—while he may not be so situated that he can either give large sums of money or large amounts of time in ministering to those around him, he will in numberless little ways show that he has “a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize.”

Unworldliness must on no account be omitted. The saint proclaims himself in a hundred ways to be a pilgrim and a stranger here. He does not look at things as other people do. He really believes God. The current maxims of the marts of trade are abhorrent to him. The customs of that which calls itself the best society he has little relish for. He estimates affairs by a different standard from that which most men use. What others count small, to him is often large, and vice versa. What many regard as all-important, to

him is worthless. He has the divine standpoint, and "that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination" in his sight. The things of time and sense do not interest him greatly; they are not the essentials, but the accidentals; they are subordinate and preliminary, insignificant and superficial. He lives in and for the unseen, beholding the invisible.

Only one other trait, closely allied to the last, can here be mentioned. No one can be esteemed as eminent for piety who does not take that view of death and heaven which St. Paul and his Master so constantly emphasized. "To die is gain," said the apostle; "to depart and be with Christ is far better," "Christ hath abolished death." In nothing more signally than in this is the ordinary worldling or even the common Christian differentiated from the saint. The former are "all their lifetime in bondage through fear of death;" the latter is completely emancipated. He looks forward with thrilling, intensest expectation and exultation to that better country, to that city which hath foundations, which holds



all on which his heart is most eagerly set. It is to him the center of all attractions. He finds it hard at times to wait till God gives him the signal to come. He catches gleams as through an open door or a gate ajar of what is going on there, and he longs to be gone. He thinks so much about it, has drunk so deeply into its spirit, that he has visions of its delights. His company is there. He would at any moment welcome the transition, counting the day of departure his true birth time, his passing out of prison into liberty, out of darkness into resplendent and eternal light.

Here, then, are seven qualities—a vivid sense of God, a passionate devotion to His will, a habit of dealing directly with Him, a heart glowing and burning with love to Jesus, together with unselfishness, unworldliness, and a high appreciation of heaven—which, we are certain, will not be absent in him whose piety is uncompromising, consummate, intense. The saint will also have, it hardly need be said, deep love for holy Scripture, great fondness for intercessory prayer, complete contentment with all God's allotments, much

keenness of moral discernment, and a constantly increasing delicacy of conscience. His desires will be carefully regulated, his conversation will have a spiritual flavor, he will be characterized by steadiness of faith, brightness of hope, fullness of love, quiet watchfulness, happy diligence, cheerfulness, gentleness, sweetness, trustfulness, fidelity, integrity, humility, symmetry. He will, in short, be like Christ and full of God.

He who studies the nineteen brief sketches of modern saints which make up this little book, will find all these qualities beautifully and amply illustrated. He will also be impressed with the fact that these qualities have found rich development and glorious manifestation in the midst of the largest possible variety of external circumstances and intellectual views. There is here a lesson of immense importance in favor of true catholicity, a loud warning against bigotry. Its careful contemplation would do much to quicken our sympathies, broaden our outlook, and increase our enjoyment of the manifold works of God. Truly there are many rooms in the one great mansion

of the common Father of all. The Master had occasion to warn His disciples against withholding fellowship from those who were casting out devils in His name, and yet, for some good reason, chose different affiliations. The Apostle Paul could unfeignedly rejoice that Christ was preached, even though the preachers were decidedly not of his party. Although we can not think alike, we may love alike. Hearts may be joined, though heads disagree. A study of the saints clearly proves this; shows equal devotion, consecration, aspiration, in the midst of wide diversity concerning many matters around which fierce contention has raged. May we not rightly say that these things about which such good men can widely differ are of minor consequence, affording no basis for the arraignment of character or the diminution of love? In heaven all these men will have very high seats. Shall we not antedate that day by giving them high places in our affections now, and according to them our heartiest admiration? What other course is really Christian?

And shall we not also be mightily moved, as

we contemplate these examples, to covet for ourselves similar attainments? Shall we not be shamed out of our supine contentment with small things? Can we doubt that what God has shown Himself willing to do for others, He is equally willing to do for us, as soon as we comply with the conditions? If these in so many different communions and employments and walks of life have achieved this marvelous nearness to God, why should not we? Will it not pay a thousand-fold? Is there anything else so well worth striving for? Why are we so languid in this vital matter, so listless, so indifferent? After all, is not the saint the normal Christian, the only consistent Christian, the only one who fills out God's design, who lays hold of that for which he has been laid hold of? Must not all others be set down as in a state of arrested development, as those who began well but did not press forward to full growth? Who of us is there that can rightly slip out of the obligation to be a saint in the large sense of that term? It simply means to put away self in every form, to thrust the world completely under foot,

to crucify the flesh, to conquer the devil, to be out and out for Jesus, to count everything loss, that we may most fully win Him and be conformed to His resurrection. It is for us to say, We will, and thus to put ourselves side by side with these holy men.

“They climbed the dizzy steep to heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given,  
To follow in their train.”

---

Rabia, sick upon her bed,  
By two saints was visited,  
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,  
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.  
Hassan said, “Whose prayer is pure  
Will God’s chastisements endure.”  
Malik from a deeper sense  
Uttered his experience :  
“He who loves his Master’s choice  
Will in chastisements rejoice.”  
Rabia saw some selfish will  
In their maxims lingering still,  
And replied : “O men of grace,  
He who sees his Master’s face  
Will not in his prayer recall  
That he is chastised at all.”



It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song;  
But the man worth while is the man who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years;  
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears.

---

By thine own soul's law learn to live;  
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed;  
And if men hate thee, have no care;  
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed;  
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer;  
And claim no crown they will not give.

---

Teach me, dear Lord, what Thou wouldst have me know,  
Guide me, dear Lord, where Thou wouldst have me go,  
Help me, dear Lord, Thy precious seed to sow,  
Bless Thou the seed, that it may surely grow.



*JONATHAN EDWARDS.*

Calm Soul of all things, make it mine,  
To feel amid the city's jar  
That there abides a peace of Thine,  
Man did not make, and can not mar;  
The will to neither strive nor cry,  
The power to feel with others give;  
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die,  
Before I have begun to live.

## JONATHAN EDWARDS.

By general consent Jonathan Edwards stands out as one of the world's first thinkers, a masterly originator in the realm of ideas, the foremost pure intellect perhaps of his time, the highest speculative genius of the eighteenth century, for subtlety of reasoning and metaphysical acumen unsurpassed, drawing upon himself the unbounded admiration of European critics in a time when they were disposed to look to America least of all as a place for superlative mental excellence. Besides holding this high rank among the doctors of the Church, the philosophers of the century, and the theologians of America, he was also one of the most impressive of preachers, unsurpassed in effectiveness as a revivalist, and among the saintliest of men. He has been called "the saint of New England." We delight to dwell upon this aspect of his character, for while his theological ideas are very considerably discredited now, even

among his most legitimate and direct ecclesiastical descendants, and the former estimates of his greatness must in some directions be lowered, no deduction need be made from his reputation for eminent piety, nor is there anything of larger importance than this.

He was born October 5, 1703, but the date of his conversion can not be exactly fixed, nor is even the time he joined the Church positively known. This is the more remarkable from the prominence which such a process received in his ministry and the earnestness with which he insisted on the need of a change of heart. He showed the keenest susceptibility to religious impressions from a very early period. Oliver Wendell Holmes characteristically says: "His ancestors had fed on sermons so long that he must have been born with Scripture texts lying latent in his embryonic thinking marrow, like the undeveloped picture in the film of collodion." He had as a child the deepest reverence for spiritual things, and was accustomed to go off by himself for prayer to secret places in the woods. Ed-

wards's own conclusion was that these strong religious impressions of early childhood (when he was six or seven years old) were not tokens of conversion. Some of his biographers think he was in error as to this, that these impressions were the result of the gracious operation of the Spirit of God on his heart, and that the declension in the state of his affections, when he went to college at twelve, was only what might be expected under the circumstances, not to be counted severely against his Christian character. However this may be, about the time of his graduation from college, at sixteen, a new period of consecration came, which (as in the strikingly similar case of Wesley) may be perhaps termed his conversion. From about this date, he says, he began to have new ideas of Christ, an inward sweet sense of spiritual things came into his heart, he spent much time meditating on the beauty and excellence of the Savior, he began to be swallowed up in God. He often walked abroad for contemplation, the divine majesty and grace overwhelmed him, a heavenly glory appeared in almost everything—

sun, moon, grass, stars, flowers, trees—and he delighted to sing forth in a low voice his contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. He had vehement longings of soul for God and Christ, and for more holiness, wherewith his heart seemed to be full and ready to break. He lamented that he had not turned to God sooner, that he might have more time to grow in grace; he was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer wherever he was.

It was at this time, or a little later, that he wrote out a long series of resolutions for his personal guidance, which have become justly celebrated and might well be copied here in full were there space. He made the most solemn and explicit dedication of himself to God, covenanting to do whatsoever he thought most for His glory without respect to the difficulties that might be met with, never to lose a moment of time, to be faithful to every trust, to maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking, never to do anything that he would condemn as wrong in others or that he would be likely to regret on a dying bed or in the other world, to strive every



week and day to be brought higher in religion, to inquire every night wherein he had been negligent, never to give over the fight for greater nearness to God, and to be continually endeavoring to find out some new contrivance and invention to promote these things. Surely all this indicates a most worthy ambition, one that would have met with the heartiest approval from him who, not far from this same time, was leading "the Holy Club" at Oxford. We are amazed to find in one not yet twenty such elevation of spirit, such moral sublimity, such firmness of purpose, such clear grasping of the true ideal. And the best of it is that his subsequent life fully justified the high expectations which these early resolves are so well fitted to call forth. They were carried out, if not to the letter, at least to a very wonderful degree.

An all-pervading consciousness of God was the spiritual groundwork of his nature. It may be safely said that the annals of Christian character present few, if any, examples of more intelligent, fervent piety than that which guided and governed his life. There can be no manner of



doubt that he honestly yielded his whole heart and soul to the gracious influence of the divine Spirit without reservation or cessation. He humbly and habitually relied on strength divine in all his work. He abounded and delighted in prayer. He spared not himself at any point, hesitated at no sacrifice when principle was at stake, conformed to truth and duty in the face of utmost opposition. Childlike simplicity and sincerity, together with a heavenly ardor of affection, characterized all his religious exercises. His heart was rich in feeling, and the vision of God usually very clear. His disposition was to turn every occurrence to a religious use, and thus to grow ever wiser and better under the course of discipline to which the providence of God subjected him. His intercourse with his Maker was of the most confidential sort, was the very life and substance of his soul. He valued His approbation above all things else, and lived in His immediate presence. He was much on his knees in secret; his self-examination was constant. It will be thought, no doubt, by some that there was an ex-

cess in this subjective analysis, that his piety was too much tinged by asceticism and mysticism; the temper of the present day is restive under such close restraint, and desires greater freedom. And it need not be denied that self-inspection can be carried too far, the inward scrutiny may become morbid. We are not persuaded, however, that it was so in his case, for he had a masculine mind which gave no signs of sinking at any point into driveling doldrums, and he was habitually cheerful in his disposition; "sweet" and "bright" were favorite words with him. He showed, moreover, a unique liberality and charity to the poor and distressed, and his passion for souls was known and read of all men. Keen as was his joy in contending for the truth, or in commending himself personally to his Heavenly Father, he had still keener joy in bringing men to Jesus. It may be said that he lived constantly in the presence of the Infinite, that he was pre-eminently a "God-intoxicated man," that a Divine light played ever upon his features, and a supernatural life glowed ever in his heart.

Edwards had unclouded faith in God, complete submission to the will of Heaven, a flawless honesty, unfaltering courage, unruffled cheerfulness of temper, and a sublime devotion to the highest ideals of duty. It is right to call him a saint. No sect or school of opinion can exclusively claim him. He is the pride and boast of the Church universal. Contemplation of him brings us near to the celestial regions. After the lapse of two hundred years his great example says to us, "Be more devoted, be wholly the Lord's; it is possible and it is glorious." He died March 22, 1758.

---

O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede;  
My heart be daily nearer Thee,  
From sin be daily freed.  
Make this poor self grow less and less,  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
O make me daily through Thy grace  
More meet to bear Thy name.  
Let faith in Thee and in Thy might  
My every motive move;  
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love.

*JOHN WESLEY.*

I would not ask Thee that my work  
Should never bring me pain or fear,  
Lest I should learn to work alone,  
And never wish Thy presence near;  
But I would ask a humble heart,  
A changeless will to work and wake,  
A firm faith in Thy providence,  
The rest—'t is Thine to give or take.

## JOHN WESLEY.

THE contemplation of John Wesley's piety is well calculated to kindle a responsive flame in the most cold and sluggish nature. It glowed and scintillated with beams of light divine as few others have done. It speaks to-day in all lands and languages with a mighty voice. Yet there has been no little discussion as to the true date of its beginning. Just when was he converted? The question has never been authoritatively or indubitably answered. He himself does not clearly tell us. There is evidence to show that in the judgment of his parents, and perhaps in his own, he was a genuine Christian from his earliest consciousness. During school and college life he grew somewhat cold and careless in his religious duties, falling into the worldly ways of those around him. But at the close of this period, when he took his degree and confronted the ministerial calling, a very



marked change took place in his heart and life, a change which some have termed conversion. It is certain that at this time he consecrated his will to God up to the full measure of his intelligence, and, so far as we can see, maintained it at this pitch for the rest of his days. He read at this period Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and William Law's "Christian Perfection." After the reading he said, "I determined to be all devoted to God, to give Him all my soul, my body, and my substance." "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts, words, and affections." He surely did it. From that day he served God and his fellow-men as best he knew, with undivided aim and the most self-denying diligence. No one could be more sincere, more earnest, more devout.

There was, however, something still lacking with him for the rounding out of the full measure of his spiritual power. Light upon the pathway of holiness did not clearly dawn on his mind until thirteen years later. He was a most pains-

taking servant of God, toiling indefatigably, but as yet, through lack of proper instruction, he had not attained the joy and freedom of a child who has within him the witness of his adoption into the divine family. This momentous change took place May 24, 1738, when his heart was "strangely warmed" at the meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, where an assurance, as he says, was given him that his sins were all taken away. This has sometimes been called his conversion, sometimes his entire sanctification. But we do not think either term strictly applies. It was an epoch of great significance, a long step in his spiritual progress, a receiving of the witness of the Spirit to his adoption, a passage out of legal service into bright sonship. But it was not so much an advance in self-dedication as a clearing up of intellectual difficulties which brought him into liberty. There was still not a little ground for him to traverse in his onward way toward the heights. We find him writing a few months after this: "I have not yet the full assurance of faith." He finds earthly desires arising within

him, fears and doubts disturb his peace, he has not the complete mastery of his temper, and the joy unspeakable does not abide.

We find no further marked crises with Wesley. There are not indeed quite so explicit and definite personal professions as we naturally look for on the part of one who urged these things so strenuously upon his preachers and followers. His subsequent walk appears to have been for the most part one of gradual, even growth, so much so that a few of his friends were rather stumbled by it. An intimate correspondent, Miss Bosanquet, writes to him, in 1761, as follows: "Why should you be without the blessing any longer? It is His will that from the time you read this you should never sin against Him any more. Now believe, and His blood shall so flow over your soul that no spot shall be found there." In 1766 he writes to his brother to "press the instantaneous blessings; then I shall have more time for my peculiar calling, enforcing the gradual work." The reason why he felt thus called was doubtless because God had led him personally in this way.

He writes under date of February 24, 1786, as follows: "I do not remember to have heard or read anything like my own experience. Almost ever since I can remember I have been led in a peculiar way. I go on in an even line, being very little raised at one time or depressed at another." And two years after this, when he was eighty-five years old, Mrs. Fletcher records: "I could not but discern a great change in him. His soul seems far more sunk into God, and such an unction attends his words that each sermon was indeed spirit and life."

The chief thing about Wesley seems to us to be the completeness of his dedication of himself to God, his unselfish, unswerving, whole-hearted devotion to duty. This, doubtless, increased with his years, as he came to grasp its whole meaning more fully. But thoroughness and logical consistency were ingrained in his being from the start, and he rarely failed in prompt action when once convinced that a particular course was right. His piety did not expend itself in fine phrases,

or Pharisaic professions, or belligerent dogmatics, or even rapturous hallelujahs—it straightway translated itself into deeds. To be like Christ, to think Christ's thoughts, to speak Christ's words, to carry out Christ's plans, to do Christ's will, became increasingly the grand ambition of his life. He was Christ-centered and God-intoxicated, filled with an all-consuming zeal to do good, an overmastering passion for the Divine glory. He had but one aim, one purpose, and he swept aside whatever stood in the way of carrying it out. Money, ease, leisure, safety, reputation, honor—he put his foot upon and cast behind his back. "Leisure and I," he wrote, "have taken leave of one another. I purpose to be busy as long as I live." "Up and be doing!" was his frequent cry. "There is another world." "I believe in eternity, I must arise and go." So he tarried not in any of the pleasant retreats that invited him, and pressed ever on. "Live to-day," was one of his favorite salutations to his friends in the morning. And if ever man heeded his own injunction it was he. Every day was spent as



though he knew it would be his last. "The moments fly," he says, "and must be accounted for."

He was thoroughly unselfish, wholly unworldly, and with a serene trust in Providence that nothing had power to disturb. This made him cheerful under all circumstances, thankful for everything, and delivered from trouble. "I dare no more fret," said he, "than curse and swear." "By the grace of God I never fret, I repine at nothing, I am discontented with nothing. I see God sitting upon His throne and ruling all things well. Ten thousand cares of various kinds are no more weight or burden to my mind than ten thousand hairs are to my head." "We know that all things are ordered by unerring wisdom, and are given us exactly at the right time, and in due number, weight, and measure." "If we see God in all things and do all for Him, then all things are easy." He was never low-spirited, never idle. He comes as near to being a model in point of industry as mortal can well be. His religion included politeness and tact. He was considerate for others' feelings, a true



gentleman. He had magnificent courage, and perfect coolness in times of danger. His independence as a thinker and his glorious catholicity of spirit were equally marked. "Think and let think," was one of his mottoes; also this: "Always in haste, but never in a hurry." He never undertook more work than he could get through with perfect calmness of spirit, but up to the limit of his strength he labored, all for Christ and naught for self. In short, we behold in him that very rare thing, an entirely consistent Christian. We can not do as much as he did. But is there any real reason why we can not do as well, show the same spirit, pursue the same purpose, and reap the same "Well done" at last?

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We should fill the hour with the sweetest things  
    If we had but a day;  
We should drink alone at the purest springs  
    In our upward way.  
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,  
    To work or to pray,  
And to be what the Father would have us be,  
    If we had but a day.

*JOHN FLETCHER.*

If thou canst plan a noble deed,  
And never flag till thou succeed,  
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,  
Whatever obstacles control,  
Thine hour will come, go on, true soul,  
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal.

## JOHN FLETCHER.

JOHN FLETCHER was born in Switzerland, 1729, of a distinguished family, and thoroughly educated at Geneva. Having found his way to England he took orders, when about thirty, in the Church, but identified himself closely and heartily with the Methodist movement. He became vicar of Madeley, and hence did not travel so extensively as some others; but he was Wesley's most ardent coadjutor in the Establishment, a constant attendant at the Conference, his counselor, the champion of his theological views, his designated successor, and, above all, a most saintly example of the life and power of Christianity, known and read of all men.

Robert Southey said: "No age or country has ever produced a man of more fervent piety or perfect charity; no Church has ever possessed a more apostolic minister." Abel Stevens said: "We look in vain through the records of Roman

or Protestant piety for a more perfect example of the consecration of the whole life, inward and outward." The Rev. Henry Venn remarked: "He was a sun. I have known all the great men for fifty years, but I have known none like him." Robert Hall's words were: "Fletcher is a seraph who burns with the ardor of Divine love. Spurning the fetters of mortality, he almost habitually seems to have anticipated the rapture of the beatific vision." Isaac Taylor said: "Fletcher was as unearthly a being as could tread the earth at all." The testimony of Dr. Dixon was: "I conceive Fletcher to be the most holy man who has been on earth since the apostolic age." Said Joseph Benson: "I never saw him in any temper in which I could not wish to have been found at death." Mr. Wesley's testimony is even more explicit and important: "I was intimately acquainted with him for above thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon, and night, without the least reserve, during a journey of many hundred miles; and in all that I never heard him speak one improper word, or saw him do an im-

proper action. Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years, but one equal to him I have not known—one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God. So unblamable a character in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America; nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

How did he attain this height of grace and glory? He had a most tender conscience and profound piety when very young; many anecdotes are given regarding it. He lived in the most exemplary way, being ambitious for moral perfection; but he does not seem to have grasped the secret of saving faith till he was twenty-six, when he had a clear conversion. From this time he grew very steadily in likeness to the Master, his vehement soul being ever on the stretch for God. Naturally formed for pre-eminence, no common attainments could satisfy his desires. He denied himself at every point that he might get more of the mind of Jesus and deeper baptisms of the Spirit. Indeed he carried his austerities



and abstemiousness so far as to injure his health, which was certainly an error of judgment, as he came afterwards to see. He gave himself up to study, meditation, prayer, and close walking with God. So intensely was his mind fixed on Divine things that he sometimes said: "I would not move from my seat without lifting up my heart to God."

There is still in existence a little manuscript book, a manual of private devotion written out by his own hand, with whose rules, resolutions, precepts, and mottoes he nourished his soul in secret. It was thus he sought to perfect himself in the love of God and in the minutest details of character and conduct. It was in this painstaking way that his inmost life was carefully cultivated and his saintliness evolved. No process was left untried, no means neglected. He was especially thorough in constant self-examination, testing himself ever by the highest standards. Some of his questions, evening by evening, were: "In how many instances have I denied myself this day?" "Have I laid out anything to please myself when I might have saved the money for the

cause of God?" "Have I governed well my tongue this day?" "Have I this day walked by faith and eyed God in all things?" "Has my faith been weakened by neglect or quickened by diligence?" Some of his rules were: "Receive afflictions as the best guides to perfection." "Remember always the presence of God." "Rejoice always in the will of God." "Always speak gently." "Do not surrender thyself to any joy." "Beware of relaxing and of impatience." "Renounce thyself in all that can hinder thy union with God."

As in the case of all saints, the will of God was the one thing he accounted most precious, and for greater conformity with which he ever strove. He said: "When we love God we have always our heart's desire, for we love His will, His desires become ours, and ours are always perfectly resigned to His. Now as God does whatsoever He pleases both in heaven and in earth, His lovers always have their heart's desire, forasmuch as they always have His will, which is theirs. Submitting our private will to

His is only preferring the greater good to the less. For my part, as I expect nothing from men they can not disappoint me; and as I expect all good things from God, in the time, way, measure, and manner it pleases Him to bestow, here I can not be disappointed, because He does and will do all things well." He found a thousand temptations to be baffled by absolute, joyful acceptance of the Divine will; and he was carried in triumph through a thousand trials by his complete confidence in the Savior.

His exertions for his people at Madeley, whom he dearly loved, unresponsive though in the main they proved to be, wore him out. With incessant preaching he combined the most diligent pastoral labors. He went continually from house to house, sympathizing with the afflicted, helping the poor, ministering to the sick, and admonishing the vicious. His liberality to the needy is said to have been scarcely credible. He led a life of severe abstinence that he might feed the hungry; he went in cheap attire that he might clothe the naked; he sometimes unfurnished his house that

he might supply suffering families with necessary articles. When separated from his dear congregation, in search of health, he wrote to them: "Have every day lower thoughts of yourselves, higher thoughts of Christ, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you."

He was a great sufferer from sickness. The prolonged Calvinistic controversy, in which he won such high honors both intellectually and morally, greatly injured his health, but his bearing under it was most beautiful. He had fully learned how to rejoice evermore and in everything give thanks, beholding God's hand in all events without the least exception. "All is well," he says, "for He that doeth all things well rules and overrules all." "This world has become to me a world of love." "I kiss the rod which smites me. I adore the Providence which lays me aside." To the king, who was pleased with some political pamphlet he wrote at the time of the American Revolution, and who sent to ask him whether any preferment in the Church would be acceptable, or

whether he could do him any service, he replied, "I want nothing but more grace."

If ever any one lived a life of faith it was John Fletcher. He unweariedly labored to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, and struggled against the most innocent of his infirmities if he imagined they could in any way displease his Maker or hinder his usefulness. He appeared to enjoy uninterrupted fellowship with the Father and the Son. Every hour was one of praise or prayer. He suffered no event to pass by unimproved. Every object led him into the presence of God, and every occurrence gave rise to a train of serious reflections. The fervor of his spirit was a silent but sharp reproof to the negligent and unfaithful; and so perfectly averse was he to every species of trifling, that no man of a light or indolent spirit could possibly associate with him for any length of time. What deadness to the world was his! What spiritual mindedness! What zeal for souls! What intercourse with heaven! What humility at the feet of Jesus!



His wife, scarcely less sainted than himself, whom he married in November, 1781, less than four years before his death, bears ample testimony to the perfection of his character. "It was his constant endeavor to set the Lord before him and to maintain an uninterrupted sense of His presence. In order to do this he was slow of speech, and had the greatest government of his words. Indeed, he both acted and spoke and thought as under the eye of God. And thus he remained unmoved in all occurrences, possessing inward recollection at all times. Nor did I ever see him diverted therefrom on any occasion whatever. Above a thousand miles I have traveled with him, during which neither change of company nor of place ever seemed to make the least difference in his firm attention to the presence of God. To preserve this uniform habit of soul, he was so watchful and recollected, that to such as were inexperienced in these things it might appear like insensibility. But no one could converse in a more lively or sensible manner, even on natural things, when he saw it was to the glory of



God. Whatever he believed to be the will of God he resolutely performed, though it were to pluck out a right eye. For the good of his neighbor nothing seemed hard or wearisome."

His deathbed was a scene of great triumph. He exclaimed repeatedly: "God is love. It fills my heart every moment. Shout, shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" He entered into rest on the evening of Sunday, August 14, 1785, and to-day in the ends of the earth and throughout the world praise goes up to the God of love for the life of John Fletcher. May it stimulate each of us to a like completeness of self-dedication to the Most High! For Fletcher's God is also ours.

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We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong;  
That we are ever overborne with care;  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

*EDWARD PAYSON.*

O 't is enough whate'er befall,  
To know that God is all in all.  
'T is this which makes my treasure,  
    'T is this which brings my gain;  
Converting woe to pleasure,  
    And reaping joy from pain.

## EDWARD PAYSON.

HOWEVER select the list of Protestant saints may be made, probably no one would deny a place in it to Edward Payson. Not that he is in all respects a model for imitation. He had some faults, and made a few rather serious mistakes. One at least entailed sad consequences. When a very young man, moved by deepest longings for the utmost purity and power in the ministry, he subjected himself to a discipline much too severe for his physical frame. His seasons of fasting were so frequent and prolonged, and the time allotted to sleep so short—six hours and sometimes four—that he permanently injured his health. He was further disabled by a fall from his horse, and he had in addition a constitutional predisposition to melancholy. All these things combined to make some of his religious exercises abnormal; they subjected him to great depression of spirits and terrible temptations, crippling at

certain points his usefulness; his nervous system being shattered, he was driven at times almost to desperation, and wrote bitter things against himself, for which there would have been no possible foundation or excuse had he been well. He undoubtedly cut short his days by constantly laboring beyond his strength, as he could hardly help doing under the circumstances. In later years, too late, he saw his mistake, and writes: "I now feel that I am never serving our Master more acceptably than when, for His sake, I am using means to preserve my health and prolong my life."

Payson was born July 25, 1783, at Rindge, N. H. (his father being a distinguished clergyman of that region), and died at Portland, Maine, October 22, 1827. He showed no little interest in religion during his very earliest years, but it is not clear that he can be called a subject of converting grace at this time. At least the customs of the place and period did not encourage the growth of natural childhood piety. Hence it was not until 1804, the year after his gradu-

ation from Harvard College, that he began to pay marked attention to religion. The death of a beloved brother called his thoughts strongly to the interests of eternity, and from this time (as in the similar case of Edwards and Wesley) they laid very deep hold upon him. September 1, 1805, was the time when he made a public profession of religion, connecting himself with the Church at Rindge. A little before this, on his twenty-second birthday, he began a diary, dedicating himself to the ministry in the most solemn manner by a written covenant: "Relying on the assistance of His Holy Spirit, I engage to take the Holy Scriptures as the rule of my conduct, the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Savior, and the Spirit of all grace and consolation as my Guide and Sanctifier." In the following year we find him adopting three plain rules for the decision of difficult cases: "To do nothing of which I doubt in any degree the lawfulness; to consider everything as unlawful which indisposes me for prayer and interrupts communion with God; never to go into any company, business, or situation in



which I can not conscientiously ask and expect the Divine presence.”

We find him deliberately drawing up another formal covenant as he was about entering on the work of the ministry in May, 1807. Personal religion was unquestionably his primary concern. It was not an intermittent affair with him. His ardor suffered scarce any visible abatement. His soul was constantly filled with unutterable longings and insatiable thirstings after God. He would not willingly suffer an hour to pass away without some effort for the recovery of lost sinners. He loved to preach, never grew weary of this employment, and counted absolutely on the Spirit's aid in every endeavor. His converse with God was almost incessant, never relaxed, especially in connection with his public labors. His seasons of private devotion also were long-continued and intense. He prayed without ceasing. Much of his studying in theology and Scripture was on his knees. He ever strove to give God that place in his views and feelings which He actually fills in the universe, where He is all in all.

His frequent cry was, "My soul, wait thou only upon God." He writes to a brother minister: "Prayer is the first thing, the second thing, and the third thing necessary for a minister, especially in seasons of revival." And his public prayers were so rich, fervent, and appropriate as wonderfully to profit all who were privileged to join with him in them.

He had a strong will, and never did anything by halves. His decision, earnestness, and energy of character, his unshaken adherence to his purposes, his triumph over many difficulties that would have defeated more ordinary souls, proclaim him a truly great man. Great crowds thronged his ministry at Portland, where most of his life was spent, and almost constant revivals attended his labors. The popularity which came afforded him no pleasure, but alarm, and he was constantly guarding himself against the insidious assaults of pride, striving ever after a better self-knowledge. His longing for souls was continuous, and his devotion to Jesus absorbing. He says: "Friends are nothing, fame is nothing,

health is nothing, life is nothing; Jesus, Jesus is all. What would I not give for the power to make sinners love Him! It would be heaven enough to hear Him praised and adored, though no one should know or care about insignificant me." "I have no heart to speak or write about anything but Jesus; and yet I have little patience to write about Him in our miserably defective language." His longings for heaven were sometimes overwhelming, as a door seemed opened into the celestial regions and a glimpse afforded of what was transacting there. "This fills us so full of impatience that we can scarcely wait till death comes to carry us home."

He made constant efforts after greater humility. In 1818, counseling a candidate for the ministry, he says: "My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy. You must not even wish to be a great Christian—that is, you must not wish to make great attainments in religion for the sake of knowing that you have made, or for the sake of having others think that

you have made, them. Most of my sins and sufferings have been occasioned by an unwillingness to be the nothing which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something." A few years later he writes: "O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God's will may be accomplished." "God has been cutting off one source of enjoyment after another, till I find that I can do without them all, and yet enjoy more happiness than ever in my life before." "Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die or such and such blessings were removed they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed He has come in and filled up its place; and now when I am a cripple

and not able to move I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago I might have been spared much anxiety." "We shall never be happy until we acquiesce with perfect cheerfulness in all His decisions, and follow wherever He leads without a murmur."

His sufferings were peculiarly excruciating in his later days, as they had been at certain seasons before, but his triumph over them was complete. While his body was tortured his soul was perfectly happy and peaceful beyond expression, filled with joy unspeakable as God poured down a flood of glory in which he seemed to swim. We quote a few of his words; they are certainly inspiring: "I have not suffered one pang too much. God was never more kind than when I thought Him most unkind; never more faithful than when I was ready to say, 'His faithfulness has failed.' . . . No man is fit to rise up and labor until he is made willing to lie still and suffer as long as his Master pleases. . . . God is ordering everything in infinite wisdom and mercy. . . .



Though more pain was crowded into last week than any other week of my life, yet it was one of the happiest weeks I have ever spent. And now I am ready to say, 'Come what will come, only let God come with them and they shall be welcome.' Praised, blessed forever be His name for all my trials and afflictions. There has not been one too many—all were necessary and good and kind." Being asked one day by a friend if he could see any particular reason for this severe dispensation, he replied: "No; but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the very perfection of all reason." On another occasion, near the close, he said: "I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burned at the stake, while my joy in God has so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. . . . God is literally now my all in all. While He is present with me no event can diminish my happiness; and were the whole world at my feet trying to minister to my comfort they could not add one drop to the cup."



Payson had unusual helps in his ancestry, in his ministerial calling, in his remarkable mental abilities and strength of will, also, one might say, in his sufferings; for these, when rightly employed, are among the most powerful means of grace. His great success in the ministry and the almost idolatry with which he was regarded by his people was a snare against which he had to be continually on guard. We can not, of course, follow him in all things, being differently constituted and circumstanced; but why should we not have a similar singleness of aim, and find in the same acceptance of God's will the perfect happiness which God is ever ready to bestow on all who will perfectly trust Him?

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Desire not; self-love is strong  
Within thy breast;  
And yet He loves thee better still;  
So let Him do His loving will,  
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
Supreme confessed;  
His power is infinite; His love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above;  
So Trust and Rest.

*GEORGE MUELLER.*

O Lord, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee;  
If we from self could rest,  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best!

## GEORGE MUELLER.

IN marked contrast with nearly all others who have reached high eminence in religious things, Mueller's youth was sinful in the extreme. Until he was twenty he wasted his years in profligacy and wickedness of many kinds, being a liar, a thief, a swindler, a drunkard, a companion of convicted felons, himself in a felon's cell, a hardened transgressor. He had no proper parental training; but he had a good education, being a university student at Halle, in preparation for the ministry, though utterly godless and fearfully ignorant of divine things.

The turning-point in his career came one Saturday evening in November, 1825. Up to that time he had never heard one gospel sermon, nor did he have a copy of the Bible in his possession. He went with a friend to an evening meeting in a private house, and for the first time saw somebody on his knees praying. Most mysteriously

this was for him the parting of the ways. He began to search the Scriptures, and a new peace came into his heart. And in this uneventful way there began a career of which prayer for direct guidance, in every crisis great or small, was to be the main characteristic—believing prayer and faithful Scripture searching.

As to the Bible, although up to this time he had never read one chapter of it, he soon learned the lesson of its primary importance. In a few years he acquired a genuine relish for the Word, and gave himself increasingly as long as he lived to its study. During the last twenty years of his life he read it carefully through four or five times annually, with a growing sense of his own rapid advancement in the knowledge of God thereby. He read the Bible from end to end in all nearly two hundred times. In his ninety-second year he said to a friend that for every page of any other reading he was sure he had read ten of the Bible. Three times in the Word of God we find a divine prescription for true prosperity, and each time it is substantially the same. We are told that we

must "meditate on" God's "law day and night;" that we must "look," and continue looking, "into this perfect law of liberty." "That man shall be blessed in his deed;" "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." (Psa. i, 3; Josh. i, 8; Jas. i, 25.) No secret lies nearer to the root of Mueller's success than this, devout meditation and continual reflection upon the Scriptures. He did not make the fatal mistake so common with most Christians—he did not forget that the highest preparation for our work is the preparation of our souls; and that for this we must take time to be alone with His Word and His Spirit, that we may truly meet Him and understand His will. He fed on the Word, and was strong.

Closely connected with this was his power in prayer. He heard God say to him as to Elijah, first, "Go, hide thyself;" then, "Go, show thyself." He was never too busy to pray. He used to say to brethren who had "too much to do" to spend proper time with God, that four hours of work for which one hour of prayer prepares is better than five hours of work with the praying



left out; that our service to our Master is more acceptable and our mission to men more profitable, when saturated with the moisture of God's blessing, the dew of the Spirit. His life can in no way be understood except on the basis of his daily and frequent communion with God. He was unwearied in supplications and intercessions; and in every crisis the prayer of faith was his one resort. He first satisfied himself that he was in the way of duty; then he fixed his mind upon the unchanging word of promise; then in the boldness of a suppliant who comes to a throne of grace in the name of Jesus Christ and pleads the assurance of the immutable Promiser, he presented every petition. No delay discouraged him. On his prayer list were the names of some for whom he had besought God by name daily from one to ten years. There were two parties in particular for whom he had prayed day by day for over sixty years without their having turned unto God; but he said: "I have not a doubt that I shall meet them both in heaven: for my Heavenly Father would not lay upon my heart a burden of

prayer for them for over sixty years if He had not concerning them purposes of mercy." In fifty thousand cases Mr. Mueller calculated that he could trace distinct answers to definite prayers; and in multitudes of instances in which God's care was not definitely traced, it was day by day like an encompassing but invisible presence or atmosphere of life and strength. He carefully distinguished between the *gift* of faith and the *grace* of faith, the former involving an unconditional asking for certain things not covered by any specific promise. This kind of faith he was permitted to exercise in very many cases for the restoration of bodily health to the sick, but he was not always successful. Once he prevailed in this way in his own case, but it was not customary with him. He was sick a good deal, struggled almost habitually with bodily infirmities, and was several times laid aside for quite a period by illness; his journal makes frequent references to his physical disabilities, and he several times submitted to a costly operation at the hands of a skillful surgeon.

To one who asked him the secret of his service he said: "There was a day when I died, *utterly* died"—and as he spoke he bent lower and lower, until he almost touched the floor—"died to George Mueller, his opinions, preferences, tastes, and will; died to the world, its approval or censure; died to the approval or blame even of my brethren and friends; and since then I have studied only to show myself approved unto God." Just when this most significant death took place we find no account, but it is certain that from very nearly the beginning of his religious life he was unreservedly given up to God according to the measure of his light, and as the light, in response to his eager searching, constantly increased, he went very steadily forward. His loyalty to duty seemed to be ever complete. It was enough for him to know that a certain course, however distasteful to the flesh, was pointed out by the Spirit, and there was no hesitation in following it. His eye was single, his purpose simple. He laid up nothing for old age; he spent nothing on himself except what the barest necessities demanded. He

exercised the utmost frugality and economy for Christ's sake, keeping himself poor that he might make many rich. In this way, out of money given him strictly for his own private use he distributed \$407,450; this in addition to the \$7,500,000 which came to him solely in answer to prayer for the various institutions which God carried on through him. He had practically nothing in hand when he died.

When his wife, whom he most tenderly loved, passed away, he showed the same implicit faith in the Father's unfailing wisdom and love that had sustained him under other trying circumstances. Within a few hours after her departure he went to the prayer-meeting to mingle his prayers and praises as usual with those of his brethren. He asked them to join with him in hearty thanksgiving to the precious Lord for his lovingkindness in having taken his beloved wife out of her pain and suffering into His own presence. He said: "As I rejoice in everything that is for her happiness, so I now rejoice as I realize how far happier she is in beholding her Lord whom she

loved so well than in any joy she has known, or could know, here." He conducted the funeral service both at the chapel and at the cemetery, preaching the sermon from the text, "Thou art good, and doest good." It was the supernatural serenity of his peace in the presence of such a bereavement that led his attending physician to say to a friend: "I have never before seen so unhuman a man." When his second wife died, it was the same. He made the funeral address at the age of ninety, and the scene was most unique. He lived in such habitual communion with the unseen world, and walked in such uninterrupted fellowship with the unseen God, that the exchange of worlds became too real for him to mourn for those who had made it, or to murmur at all at the hand of Infinite Love.

What a life it was, both on its inner and its outer side! The Scriptural Knowledge Institution, which he founded in 1834, down to his death had trained over sixteen thousand orphans, circulated over three million books and tracts, and nearly two million Bibles and parts thereof, aided schools



where nearly one hundred and fifty thousand children had been taught, and supported in part or in whole one hundred and fifteen missionaries in various lands. He himself traveled two hundred thousand miles, visiting forty-two countries in all the continents for the purpose of preaching the gospel, and did it within seventeen years, beginning when he had reached threescore and ten. It is thought that he addressed over three million people on these trips, speaking nearly six thousand times.

He summed up his long history of blessing in these two statements: First, that the Lord was pleased to give him far beyond all he at first expected to accomplish or receive; secondly, that he was fully persuaded that all he had seen and known would not equal the thousandth part of what he should see and know when the Lord should come. He felt that the faith of God's children greatly needs strengthening, and that it was his special business in life to glorify God as one who helps those who trust in Him, to exemplify how much may be accomplished by prayer,



and to show that there is a present prayer-hearing God, whom it is perfectly safe to trust, and with whom we may daily walk. He cultivated faith. He used to say to his helpers: "Never let enter your minds a shadow of doubt as to the love of the Father's heart or the power of the Father's arm." Loyal trust in God raised him above circumstances and appearances. It gave steadfastness to his whole character, and brought his daily walk very near to the gates of heaven. His biographer says: "Loyalty to truth, the obedience of faith, the sacrifice of love—these form the three-fold key which unlocks to us all the closed chambers of his life." He dealt directly with God in all; he recognized but one Agent, men being only instrumentalities. He knew no disappointment or despondency, for he leaned always upon the living God, who never fails. His one business being to please the Lord, he found all his circumstances becoming his servants.

He was born in Prussia, September 27, 1805; he fell asleep in Jesus, at Bristol, March 10, 1898, in his ninety-third year. A few months before, he

said: "I have been able every day, and all the day, to work, and that with ease, as seventy years since." He felt no weakness or weariness in his work until the very last night of his earthly sojourn. He himself attributed his vigor largely to the love he felt for the Scriptures and the constantly recuperative power they exercised upon his whole being, and to that happiness he felt in God and his work which relieved him of all anxiety and needless wear and tear in his labors. He passed away very quietly, in the night, all alone, from heart-failure. He belonged to the whole Church and the whole world, and the whole race of man sustained a great loss when he left them. As Wesley's life spanned the eighteenth century, Mueller's spanned the nineteenth. The two men, while very unlike in many of their opinions, were marvelously similar in their spirit and labors. Both of them exhort us, as with trumpet tongues, to be in earnest, to walk by faith, and to live for eternity.

What matter, friend, though you and I  
    May sow and others gather?  
We build and others occupy,  
    Each laboring for the other!  
What though we toil from sun to sun,  
    And men forget to flatter  
The noblest work our hands have done—  
    If God approves, what matter?

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It is not the deed we do,  
    Though the deed be never so fair,  
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,  
    Hidden with holy care  
In the heart of the deed so fair.

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God has his best things for the few  
    Who dare to stand the test;  
He has His second choice for those  
    Who will not have His best.

*ADONIRAM JUDSON.*

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate  
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,  
Safe from the many, honored by the few,  
To count as naught in world of Church or State,  
But inwardly in secret to be great.

## ADONIRAM JUDSON.

AMONG the saints of modern times must be reckoned a very large number of missionaries, a number so large that no ordinary volume could do justice to them. Their shining examples have been a wonderful stimulus to the Church universal, one of the glories of Christianity. As a worthy specimen of this whole illustrious class we have selected Adoniram Judson. Theodore Parker's remark about him is well known, and often quoted. It is to the effect that if all which had ever been done for missions had produced only one such character as Adoniram Judson, it would have been well worth the entire expenditure. A New York merchant in his boyhood read Wayland's "Life of Judson," laid down the book, left his chamber, went out into a green meadow belonging to his father's farm, and there consecrated his young life to the service of God. Doubtless very many such instances have oc-



curred. Certainly many such tributes as Parker's have been paid.

The external life of this great missionary need not detain us, nor be given save in barest outline. It is the internal life that we are occupied with in these sketches. He was born at Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788 (his father being a minister settled there), graduated valedictorian at Brown University, 1807, sailed for India, February 19, 1812, arrived at Rangoon, July 13, 1813, suffered cruel imprisonment at Ava, 1825, visited America for his health, 1845, died at sea, April 12, 1850.

His conversion took place at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1808. While not attended with overpowering exercises and rather gradual than sudden, it produced a very marked change in him, and he never had occasion to doubt its deep reality. His call to the mission field was somewhat similar. It culminated in February, 1810. There had been thought about it for many months, but, as he says, "It was during a solitary walk in the woods behind the college while medi-

tating and praying on the subject and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' was presented to my mind with such clearness and power that I came to a full decision, and, though great difficulties appeared in the way, resolved to obey the command at all hazards, for the sake of pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ."

To please God was henceforth his main purpose, and it eventually became his only one. In tracing the course of his experience we are impressed by nothing more distinctly than by his intense love of pre-eminence, his determination everywhere to be first and to reach perfection at all possible points. From early youth to latest age this stamped his character and gave direction to his endeavors. He had powers that would have carried him to the front and made him illustrious in any calling. He was endowed with a will of the very highest order, and had a spirit of indomitable perseverance. From the beginning he gave himself with the greatest earnestness to sub-

jecting everything within him to the obedience of Christ. His first wife, after living with him eleven years, wrote: "I feel that there is not a better man on the globe than my husband, not one who labors more strenuously to overcome every unhallowed emotion of his spirit." There was a great deal in his natural disposition that needed to be overcome, and, eager as he was to excel, with the loftiest conception of what a Christian ought to be, he could not rest content with any ordinary attainments or be satisfied while aught remained susceptible of improvement. He left no stone unturned to achieve the results which seemed to him of highest worth.

The rules and regulations which from time to time he adopted in his earnest striving after personal holiness were very many. We append a few of them: "Whatever others do, let my life be a life of prayer; observe three seasons of secret prayer every day, morning, noon, and night; live under a constant sense of the presence of God; deny self at every turn so far as consistent with life, health, and usefulness; learn to distin-

guish and obey the internal impulses of the Holy Spirit; keep turning the soul to God until it habitually rests in God; do nothing from your own will, but all from the will of God; see the hand of God in all events, and thereby become reconciled to His dispensations; have the Scripture and some devotional book in constant reading; be sweet in temper, voice, and word, to please the ever-present Lord." He deeply felt, as he writes to a friend, "the comparative insignificance of all human accomplishments and the overwhelming importance of spiritual graces, the habitual enjoyment of closet religion, a soul abstracted from the world and much occupied in the contemplation of heavenly glories."

He was so determined on completest victory over every besetment that he took some steps that have subjected him to criticism as bordering on an unhealthy extreme and trending perilously near the verge of fanaticism. But his vigorous intellect, which his extreme sufferings might well have shaken from its balance, yet did not, kept him within bounds. It is true that

what he did in the way of self-mortification and crucifixion can hardly be commended as an example to all. Each must judge in his own case what steps are necessary to accomplish the end of complete union with Christ. That Judson went too far many will be disposed to say, but let them inquire carefully whether they themselves have gone far enough. His love of fame, originally excessive, troubled him much. To check it he cultivated a desire to be forgotten, and insisted on the destruction of all the letters he had sent to sister and mother, as well as important papers; he also declined the degree of Doctor of Divinity. To counteract any fondness for worldly goods, he gave to the mission all that came to him from the British Government for his most valuable services at Ava, 7,200 rupees; and a little later made over also to the society 12,000 rupees of his private property. Not far from this time he relinquished to the society one-fourth of his allowance (by no means large), severely restricting his mode of living, and offered to give up one-tenth more under certain



conditions. After the death of his wife he moved into a small cottage which he had built in the woods, away from the haunts of men, that he might devote himself undistractedly to learning the art of real communion with God. He crucified his love of literature by restricting himself very early in his missionary life, from principle and on what he thought sound policy for one in his position, to his own work, not branching out in any direction, even as a recreation, in literary or scientific lines, either Burman or English. He denied his social instincts, breaking off not only from fashionable dinners with his English friends, but from intimate association with the missionaries, partly from lack of congeniality of thought, partly from his sense of the value of time. Certainly not all who seek highest attainments in grace are summoned to these means, or would be justified in adopting them. Different situations call for different methods. What is to be unreservedly commended in Judson is the determination which he showed to stick at nothing that seemed to him, in his condition, requisite to make



himself perfectly pleasing in the sight of God. We are not authorized to say that he should have done otherwise, or could have done less. We are warranted in declaring that the end he sought was right, and every way worthy of largest sacrifice. He was thoroughly in earnest. He set about waging a war of extermination against pride and selfishness in all their forms, tracing them to their last retreats, getting rid of them altogether, and reaching oneness with the Divine. Whether he reached all that he wished or not, the effect of the measures he took seems to have been good. For the rest of his life he was marked by a loving trust in God under the most discouraging circumstances, and by a supremely disinterested devotedness which he had not known before, and which is very rarely seen anywhere.

His humility was exceeding great, and perhaps lacked nothing of entire perfectness. It had that appearance to those who met him on his one visit to America. The more men praised him the more deeply did he feel his own deficiencies and the imperfection of his services, the more abso-

lute was his renunciation of all merit for anything he had done, the more complete his loyal prostration at the foot of the cross, the more entire his reliance for acceptance on the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. He lived, in all simplicity of heart, for no other purpose than to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, for which he was at any moment ready and glad to die. Earnestness was the quality that stood out in him most clear to view at every point. The motto of his father, "Keep straight forward and trust in God," he made conspicuously his own. His faith in God acquired a rare development, and was in the highest degree memorable. From the beginning he had the most entire certainty as to the result of his labors, never doubting how they would come out. When people asked him if the prospects of success were bright, his reply was, "As bright as the promises of God." On the inner cover of one of his most frequently used books he wrote:

"In joy or sorrow, health or pain,  
Our course be onward still;  
We sow on Burma's barren plain  
We reap on Zion's hill."

He was greatly indebted for spiritual counsel to Madame Guyon's works, Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," William Law's "Christian Perfection," and the "Life of Payson." He frequently recommended these books to others. It was soon after being helped by them that he wrote to a brother missionary: "The land of Beulah lies beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Many Christians spend all their days in a continual bustle doing good. They are too busy to find either the valley or Beulah. Let us die as soon as possible, and by whatever path God shall appoint. And when we are dead to the world and nature and self, we shall begin to live to God."

The very "lust for finishing," which he speaks of as "one of his failings," which enabled him to carry on to completion that marvelously perfect translation of the Bible into Burmese, which remains his chief earthly monument to-day, a translation perhaps never surpassed in any language, an imperishable monument of his genius, made it impossible for him to stop short of any attainable achievement in piety. Improvement

went on to the last as he steadily cleansed himself from every remaining defilement of flesh or spirit. Mrs. Emily Judson, his third wife, testifies as to his closing days: "He had been from my first acquaintance with him an uncommonly spiritual Christian, exhibiting his richest graces in the unguarded intercourse of private life. But during his last years it seemed as though the light of the world on which he was entering had been sent to brighten his upward pathway. Every subject on which he conversed, every book we read, every incident that occurred, whether trivial or important, had a tendency to suggest some peculiarly spiritual train of thought till it seemed to me that more than ever before Christ was all his theme." "O the love of Christ," was a frequent exclamation in his last illness. "Peace" and "Victory" were words much on his lips. "I am not tired of my work," he said, "neither am I tired of the world, yet when Christ calls me home I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school." It was thus he went, with no uncertainty as to the future. His life

had been spent wholly for Jesus, or as nearly so as falls to the lot of mortals, and his acceptance of God's will in all its ramifications had been marvelously complete, and both by the extent of his labors and the purity of his purpose he had fully deserved the hearty "Well done" which we are entirely certain he received.

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Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on a rock that naught can move.

God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

A nameless man amid the crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper o'er the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ, O fount, O breath of love,  
O word at random cast,  
Thou wert but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

*AMOS LAWRENCE.*

L. of C.



The heart that trusts forever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings—  
A well of peace within it springs;  
    Come good or ill,  
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
    It is His will.

## AMOS LAWRENCE.

It would be a great mistake if we were for a moment to imagine that only ministers and missionaries can be eminent in piety or have a place in the ranks of the saints. Most religious memoirs are occupied with this class, but it is partly at least because they are more apt than others to leave written memorials behind them. Undoubtedly there have been, and are, in so-called secular pursuits great numbers every whit as pleasing to God and every way as worthy of being commemorated for their entire consecration to highest ideals as those more usually accounted models of devotion. It is fully as important and as possible to have examples of shining excellence in business or professional life as in evangelistic vocations. There are varied manifestations and ministrations under the guidance of the same Lord, diversities of gifts and workings under the filling of the same Spirit. It is certainly of the first conse-

quence that this be fully recognized. And so we take pleasure in presenting here some notes on the experience of Amos Lawrence. He is a splendid specimen of religion in business, well deserving to be included in any list of modern Protestant saints.

His days quite naturally fall in three parts, of nearly equal duration. For the first twenty-one years he was at home at Groton, Mass., where he was born of unadulterated Puritan stock, April 22, 1786. Only one incident of note occurred in this time. As clerk in a general country store, where, according to the custom of that period, large quantities of intoxicants were sold and drunk, he was exposed to severe temptation. He speedily made up his mind and resolutely took a stand, remarkable for that day, from which he never thenceforward for a moment departed, a stand of total abstinence, not only from liquor, but from all forms of tobacco. Many years afterward he said, "To this simple fact of starting just right I am indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position."

December 17, 1807, he commenced business in Boston, without a dollar; and for the next twenty-four years devoted himself assiduously to his duties as head of a house of importers which speedily became one of the most flourishing in the city. It was just about this time, when he was less than twenty-two, that he wrote to his sister as follows: "Many, when speaking of perfection, say it is not attainable, or hitherto unattainable, and it is therefore vain to try to hope for it. To such I would observe that, from motives of duty to our Creator and ambition in ourselves, we ought to strive for it, at least so far as not to be distanced by those who have preceded us." That he did earnestly strive for it, and with a wonderful degree of success, his subsequent years bear witness. He had an exceedingly high standard, both in temporal and spiritual affairs, "a standard of action," as he himself says, in writing to his brother, "so high as to require great vigilance in living up to it." Sterling honesty stamped every transaction, together with the strictest sense of justice. He was unwilling to

turn to his own advantage the ignorance or misfortune of others; he stooped to no artifice or deceits; he commanded universal confidence as a man of the most unbending integrity on which no spot or blemish ever rested. His moral perceptions and sensibilities were of the keenest, and it is asserted, with good reason, that he never deviated a hair's breadth from what he felt to be his duty. It was this that constituted the strength of his character, his supreme reverence for the right and his unfaltering pursuit of it. His business became very extensive, so much so that he found it, as he says, "occupying his thoughts to a degree entirely disproportionate to its importance." He found, he writes January 1, 1826, "that communion which ought ever to be kept free between man and his Maker interrupted by the incessant calls of the multifarious affairs of our establishment." He terms it "the extreme of folly" to acquire property at such a sacrifice of the highest interests, and promptly made arrangements to diminish his burdens. His responsibilities to God were ever kept uppermost,

and the account to be rendered at last was never lost sight of.

The third period of his life began June 1, 1831, and extended till his departure from earth, December 31, 1852. In the full tide of a most successful career as one of the leading mill-owners and commission merchants of the country, he was suddenly stricken down by a stomach trouble which left him an invalid for the rest of his days, days which were prolonged only by the most rigid watchfulness, especially in the matter of diet, in which he exercised almost inconceivable abstinence, sitting down at no meal with his family, weighing every particle of solid or liquid food. He bore this deep affliction in the most beautiful manner, even as he had done a previous test. (At the death of his beloved wife, whose removal blasted his dearest earthly hopes, January 14, 1819, he writes: "But God reigns; let us rejoice.") January 1, 1832, confined to his sick-room, he writes, "I can see nothing but the unbounded goodness of our Heavenly Father and best friend in all that has been taken from



me, as well as in all that is left to me. I can say with sincerity that I never have had so much to call forth my warmest and deepest gratitude for favors bestowed as at the present time. Among my sources of happiness is the settled conviction that, in chastening His children, God desires their good; and if His chastenments are thus viewed we can regard them in no other light than as manifestations of His Fatherly care and kindness. We are placed here to be disciplined for another and higher state, and whatever happens to us makes a part of that discipline." He was more than contented. Writing December 23, 1833, he says, "The situation which I occupy is one that I would not exchange, if I had the power, with any man living." In 1838 he says, "I am the happiest man living, and yet would willingly exchange worlds this day, if it be the good pleasure of our good Friend and Father in heaven. I can see the good hand of God in all my experiences for thirty years."

In these twenty-one years during which his peculiar illness entirely incapacitated him for ac-

tive business life, he gave whatever time and strength he could command to a philanthropic career which has had few, if any, parallels. Previous to this his charities had begun to be systematic and munificent, as his increasing wealth permitted, but now they took on a yet more thorough-going character. In the fullest sense of the term he lived for others. It was truly said of him, "Every day of his life was a blessing to somebody." He loved his neighbor, and under that term took in the whole human family. Two rooms in his house, and sometimes three, were used mainly to receive useful articles for distribution. He selected and carried out or sent out, far and near, innumerable packages carefully adapted to the wants of the recipients, whether those wants were in the line of food, clothing, books, money, or other tokens of affection. He scattered vast quantities of the publications of the American Tract Society and the Sunday-school Union. He was especially fond of "Life in Earnest" and other deeply religious works of the Rev. James Hamilton, of London, and sent forth

whole editions. He took 2,000 copies of a lecture by this Scotch minister on the "Literary Attractions of the Bible." He became very much interested in Williams College, and gave to it, unsolicited, large sums in most timely ways, more than any one else had done up to that day. In his letters to President Hopkins he expresses deep concern for the salvation of the souls of the students, praying God to perfect the good work which he rejoices to hear has begun. The Theological School at Bangor was also one of the objects of his bounty. He made at least ten persons life directors of the American Bible Society by the payment of \$150 for each. The completion of the Bunker Hill Monument was largely his work. These are but specimens of the things he was constantly doing. It is calculated that he gave away during his life time for the benefit of his fellowmen not less than \$700,000—gave it with personal attention and sympathy, gave it as a Christian man, from a sense of divine obligation and a deep feeling of the duties of stewardship. Probably no one up to that time had given

as much while living. He never felt at liberty to waste on himself what could be beneficially applied to the good of those around him. And he found, it hardly need be said, intense pleasure in the course he took.

He was by faith a Unitarian of the old school, a constant attendant and faithful communicant in the Brattle Street Church. His pastor, Dr. Lothrop, speaks of his "profound reverence for the sacred Scriptures and the divine authority of Jesus Christ. He believed in Christ as the Messiah and Savior of the world, and therefore found peace and strength to his soul amid all the perils and duties and sorrows of life." He loved to listen at Church to those who did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, and would express disappointment when the preacher failed to emphasize the important truths of the Gospel. He had a dread of the German rationalism which he saw creeping in, and rejoiced when, as he writes, "deep feelings of sin and salvation through the Beloved are awakened." He counted himself "a disciple and follower of Christ the

Beloved," and says, "I will not quarrel with a man's Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Baptist creed so be he will act the part of a good soldier of Jesus Christ; for I verily believe great multitudes of all Christians desire to serve him faithfully. I have no hope in isms, but have a strong hope in the cross of Christ." At his funeral officiated three of his most intimate and valued friends, representing three different denominations—Dr. Lothrop, Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. Sharp, pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church. His spirit was of the largest and most catholic sort. Religion was everything to him. He was a man of habitual prayer, a loving disciple who breathed very much the spirit of the Master, with a firm faith in Providence and an abiding trust in the lovingkindness of the Father. He held family prayers morning and evening. There do not seem to have been any special crises in his religious experience. His character was rather a gradual development from the germs planted deep within far back in the years of childhood by the devout hands of godly parents. One of his



letters contains this sentence: "He indeed is rich in grace whose graces are not hindered by his riches." This is most true. Tried by this test, Amos Lawrence was rich in grace. His example will speak, we trust, to some who would be less impressed by the piety of those who are poorer in this world's wealth or less occupied with earthly care.

It was Amos A. Lawrence, a son of Amos, and very much like him in character, though Episcopalian in denominational preference, after whom the city of Lawrence, Kansas, was named, and Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin. Amos's brother, Abbott, came within a few votes of being President of the United States; for him was named the city of Lawrence, Mass., and the Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge.

If I truly love the One,  
All the loves are mine;  
Alien to my heart is none,  
And life grows divine.



Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to Him.

All's alike to me, so I  
In my Lord may live and die.

Come to me, come to me, O my God!  
Come to me, everywhere!  
Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,  
And the water, and the air.

To live, to live, is life's great joy, and to feel  
The living God within, to look abroad  
And, in the beauty that all things reveal,  
Still meet the living God.

*FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.*

Source of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,  
Thy love appoints my pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

SO FAR as can be ascertained there was never in Faber's experience any marked crisis which could properly be labeled "conversion," as the term is generally used. From his earliest days he was naturally and decidedly religious. Springing from Huguenot stock, born in the vicarage of Calverley, Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814, his father and grandfather both being in clerical work, and his teachers all clergymen, his life developed in all good things very evenly and without a break. At Oxford University he established a number of prayer-meetings, led in a system of aggressive religious efforts, and became the spiritual guide of quite a circle, very much as another deeply pious young man, John Wesley by name, did at this same university a century before. His letters of the period express gratitude for "the quiet influences of George Herbert, and the dear, dear Bible." He says also: "I am now

never happy unless I am thinking, talking, and writing respecting things eternal." He was devoted to the cause of Christ, thoroughly identified with it, most sincere and single-eyed in his search for truth.

He was matriculated at Balliol College in 1832, became a fellow of University College in 1837, and was ordained a priest in the Church of England in 1839. April, 1843, he preached his first sermon as rector of Elton, and continued laboring there indefatigably, successfully, until November 17, 1845, when he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. In this communion he remained until his death, September 26, 1863, intensely attached to it, and laboring for its interests, first at Birmingham, then at London, as father superior of the Oratory of St. Philip.

Our business here is not with his doctrinal views or ecclesiastical relations, but with his spiritual experience. That went straight onward in the one Church as in the other, until he came to be own brother to Kempis, Molinos, Francis of Sales, Fénelon, and the many other saints of the Roman Catholic Church whose lives it was his

highest delight to study, and who are the common inspiration of all good people.

Love for Jesus, union with God, the will divine—these phrases, especially the last, sum up the ruling passion of his years. A more intense desire to know God's will could not exist, we think, in any human heart. When he was in the stress of the struggle which culminated in his departure from Anglicanism, his sufferings and agonies were so great that they left physical injuries in his system from which he never recovered. He really feared that he should lose his mind. He dreaded exceedingly anything like the intrusion of self-will, or some motive not the purest. His zeal for God consumed him. Above all things he craved honesty to seek God's will, light to find it, love to know it when found, and strength to follow it.

A spirit of special devotion to God's holy will he cultivated incessantly, aiming to recognize it and love it in every smallest vexation, deeming that in this way best he could resemble Jesus, whose "meat" was "to do the will" of the



Father. Rodriguez on "Conformity to God's Will" he read again, and again, and again. At Birmingham he organized his followers into a religious community under the name "Brothers of the Will of God." "*Voluntas Dei*," "God's will," was his life motto, embroidered on his clothing and stamped upon his heart. "The music of the Will" sounded in his soul entrancingly; he listened for it with keenest eagerness, fearing most of all lest self in some way should deaden his senses to its whispers. Not all the world could induce him to swerve from it knowingly in the smallest matter. "I have no plans," he says; "I have been simply praying to know God's will; I would not lift up a finger either way to decide it." It was in this way, from the prevalence in the center of his being of this overmastering passion, that he came to write that deepest and strongest of all the hymns that treat of the higher life:

"I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all Thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love Thee more and more."

Love ruled him wholly. When incessant curses were fulminated from the pulpits of the State Church against him and his work, he replied: "One thing, by God's grace, you will not provoke us to, and that is, one really uncharitable thought, or one really unkind word." "I love Jesus more, and more, and more; every day it seems as if I had never loved Him before, so sweet, so new, so fresh does He seem every morning." "Jesus, my daily Guest, my Lord, my Life, my Love, my All." He was exceedingly humble, and so, of course, exceedingly happy. His language was: "I could dance and sing all day, because I am so joyous; I hardly know what to do with myself for very happiness." Yet his health was very poor; he had violent headaches very often, and other severe illnesses frequently broke in upon the continuity of his work. As he says in one of his hymns:

"O Lord, I always live in pain,  
My life's sad undersong,  
Pain in itself not hard to bear,  
But hard to bear so long."

But he bore it in the noblest way, with a courage unfaltering, and an unceasing desire for the glory of his Master. His whole life was a prayer. He writes: "It is so incredibly sweet to pray; the face of God grows daily more clear."

His preaching was amazingly effective. Its topic was, not controversy, but Christ; and great multitudes were won to the Lord. Living himself in the light and peace of God, and longing exceedingly to make others possess the happiness he enjoyed, it is no wonder that throngs hung upon his words.

He was an indefatigable reader, especially in subjects pertaining to the spiritual life. Whatever had any bearing on this he sought for eagerly. His own writings in prose and poetry have laid the world under a vast debt. His prose works, to say nothing of very many books translated and edited, consist of eight solid, close-printed volumes, all issued in the short space of eight years. Of the first one, "All for Jesus," which met with some criticism, he says: "There shall be no controversy. If there be an ounce

more of glory to God in my condemnation and the proscription of my book, I am only too glad to be the means of His getting it. If it causes one heart to love our dearest Lord a trifle more warmly, God will have blessed both the work and its writer far above their deservings." In the preface of another book he says: "It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him." In regard to the surpassing beauty of his hymns, and their priceless value, the whole Christian world has but one verdict.

When he passed to his great reward a high authority said of him: "We know of no one man who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of interior life." Another who knew him from boyhood, Cardinal Manning, said: "I never saw any one so detached from the world, though he lived in the world; if ever there was a higher or lower path to choose, he always chose the higher." He must have been one of the most lovable men that ever lived. The charm of his manner, the ten-

derness of his heart, the genuineness of his sympathy, the brilliancy of his social powers, the ripeness of his worldly wisdom, and the unearthliness of his aims, formed a very rare and powerful combination. His biographer sums up his example in the simple but significant sentence: "He served Jesus out of love." It surely is permitted to us, and enjoined on us, to do the same. Though without his remarkable gifts of eloquence and poetry, we may imitate the deep enthusiasm for goodness which so constantly consumed him, and catch the glowing spirit of entire consecration which stamped his whole career.

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Thou who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee  
And read Thee everywhere.

The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,  
And seems the kinder servant sent to me;  
With gladder eyes I read Thy Holy Book,  
Because Thou art the eyes with which I see.

*THOMAS J. JACKSON.*



Nay, nay, do not tell me that, wrapped in His glory,  
He hears not my voice when I cry;  
He made me, He loves me, He knows all my story,  
I shall look in His face when I die.

## THOMAS J. JACKSON.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON was born January 21, 1824, studied at West Point from 1842 to 1846, served in the Mexican War 1846-48, was baptized April 29, 1849, at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, in the Episcopal Church, joined the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, Va., where he was professor in the Military Institute from 1851 to 1861, and then served in the Confederate Army till his death, May 10, 1863. Our business here is not with the secular details of his life, furnished by the various biographies, but with his remarkable attainments in religion. We question if anybody surpassed him in this, if any one was ever more uncompromisingly and perfectly consecrated to God, if we could find anywhere a saintlier walk.

So scrupulous was he in the performance of his duties that he would not neglect even the smallest, saying: "One instance would be a pre-

cedent for another, and thus my rules would be broken down." After his conscience decided on a course as right, his resolution and independence enabled him to carry out his principles with total disregard of the opinions of the world. He thought it was a great weakness in others to care what impression their conduct made upon public opinion if their conscience was only clear. The fear of the Lord was the only fear he knew. After he became a Christian he set his face against all worldly conformity, giving up dancing, theater-going, and every other amusement that had a tendency to lead his thoughts away from holy things. When the question was raised as to the right or wrong of indulgences that many considered innocent, he would say pleasantly, "Well, I know it is not wrong *not* to do it, so I am going to be on the safe side." His rule was never to make any compromise with his principles. But there was not a particle of asceticism or gloom in his religion. It shed perpetual sunshine upon his life. He had a smile most sweet and gracious.

His faith and trust led him to feel under all circumstances that nothing could happen to him but what was sent in wisdom and love by his Heavenly Father. No text was more frequently on his lips than that which has been such a favorite with all God's chosen ones: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." He so ruled his life that he never inadvertently fell into the use of the common expressions, always upon most people's lips, involving the wish that some event were different from what it was. To do so would, in his opinion, have been to arraign Providence. "Do n't you wish it would stop raining?" might be the careless remark made to him after a week of wet weather. His smiling reply would invariably be, "Yes, if the Maker of the weather thinks it best."

He seems to have literally and absolutely preferred God's will to his own; and his perfect assurance of faith never forsook him, however severely it might be tried. He used to express surprise at the want of equanimity of Christians under untoward circumstances, and remarked

that he did not think any combination of earthly ills could make him positively unhappy if he believed he was suffering the will of God. A friend once said to him, "Suppose, Major, you should lose your health without any hope of recovering it, do you think you could be happy?" "Yes, I should be happy still," he replied. "But," continued his friend, "suppose you should lose your eyesight and become perfectly blind, would not that be too much for you?" "No," he replied calmly. His friend, still persisting, then said: "Suppose, though, that besides losing your health and becoming entirely blind, you should lose all your property, and so be left lying in bed a helpless invalid depending for support on the charities of your friends, would not that be too much for you?" Jackson was silent for a moment, and then said, in a reverent tone: "If it were the will of God to place me there, he would enable me to lie there peacefully a hundred years."

He contributed every year one-tenth of his income to the Church, and was a liberal giver to all causes of benevolence and public enterprise.



He never used intoxicants, from principle, though having a fondness for them. Nor did he use tobacco in any form, and for many years not even tea and coffee, believing that they were injurious to his health. Nor could anything tempt him to partake of food between his regular hours. When persons about him complained of headaches or other consequences of imprudence he would say: "If you follow my rule, which is to govern yourself absolutely, I do not think you would have these sufferings. My head never aches; if anything disagrees with me I never eat it."

He was very careful in his speech, weighing his lightest utterances in the balance of the sanctuary. His crystalline truthfulness was ever noticeable, even in the admission that he did not know facts or things, when really there was no appeal made to his knowledge, except the common "you know" which many so frequently use. Nothing could induce him to make the impression that he knew what he did not. "I have no genius for seeming," he said. His ideas of hon-



esty were equally rigid; also of humility, and punctuality. No one could ever charge him with loss of time through dilatoriness on his part. When the day approached for him to return from Europe, after a brief vacation, he sailed for America, leaving himself ample time to get back to his class in the Military Institute at the opening of the session. The steamer being, however, unexpectedly delayed, he did not reach home for a week or two after the appointed day. His friends, knowing how exact and punctual to the minute he was, thought this would be a very great annoyance to him. On reaching home one of them asked him how he stood the delay, and if he were not beside himself with impatience. "Not at all," he replied; "I set out to return at the proper time; I did my duty; the steamer was delayed by act of Providence, and I was perfectly satisfied."

As an instance of the alacrity with which, if once convinced that a thing was right to do, he did it, this may fitly be quoted. On one occasion he had been talking of self-abnegation and mak-

ing rather light of it, when a friend suggested that he had not been called to endure it, and supposed a case: "Imagine that Providence seemed to direct you to drop every scheme of life and of personal advancement and go on a mission to the heart of Africa for the rest of your days, would you go?" His eyes flashed, as he instantly replied: "I would go without my hat."

He was a mighty man of prayer. During the war, on the eve of every move Jackson devoted all his spare moments to petitions to the God of battles for guidance and support. His servant, Jim, had observed this, and when some gentlemen asked him if he knew when a battle was coming off, he replied: "O yes, sir! The General is a great man for praying night and morning and at all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay; and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

Dr. J. B. Ramsay, visiting him in 1861, said: "Walking in prayer with God and holy obedience,

he reposes upon his promises and providence with a calm and unflinching reliance beyond any man whom I ever knew." His absolute trust in the Ruler of all things kept him from the agitation and fear which weighed so heavily upon others. A lady related to him and living under the same roof for many years, said: "He was a man *sui generis*; and none who came into close contact with him and saw into his inner nature were willing to own that they had ever known such another." He was of course counted eccentric, because he did not walk in the same conventional grooves with other men. But his eccentricity was based upon the deepest underlying principles and compelled respect when it was better understood. He urged that every act of a man's life should be religious; he spiritualized everything; he prayed without ceasing; he lived entirely and unreservedly to God's glory.

He said: "Nothing earthly can mar my happiness. I know that heaven is in store for me, and I should rejoice in the prospect of going there to-morrow. Understand me; I am not sick; I am

not sad. God has greatly blessed me, and I have as much to love here as any man, and life is very bright to me. But still I am ready to leave it any day, without trepidation or regret, for that heaven which I know awaits me through the mercy of my Heavenly Father. And I would not agree to the slightest diminution of one shade of my glory there—no, not for all the fame which I have acquired or shall ever win in this world.”

After his fatal wound at Chancellorsville, a friend said to him, with deep feeling: “O, General, what a calamity.” But he, with his accustomed politeness, first thanked him for his sympathy, and then replied: “You see me severely wounded, but not depressed, not unhappy. I believe it has been done according to God’s holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that either in this life or in that which is to come I shall discover that which is now regarded as a calam-

ity to be a blessing. I can wait until God in His own time shall make known to me the object he has in thus afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look upon it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it unless I could know it was the will of my Father." His last words were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

He is indeed at rest in the paradise above with Him whom his soul so deeply loved; and it behooves us to take pattern by his bright example. Why should not the same unwavering trust be ours, the same continuous trust in Providence, the same uncompromising devotion to duty? We, too, are called to be saints—that is, to rejoice evermore, in everything give thanks, and pray without ceasing. Alas! many are called, but few are chosen; few elect themselves to this highest of all vocations.

*ALFRED COOKMAN.*



Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
He'll make your wants His care.

## ALFRED COOKMAN.

BORN at Columbia, Pa., January 4, 1828, of parents, both of whom were remarkable, alike in piety and natural ability, and consecrated from his birth to the work of the ministry, in which his father was so illustrious, it would seem indeed, as his biographer says, that "Alfred Cookman was endowed from a child with a genius for religion." His faculty for supernatural things was as marked as that of others for science or poetry or mechanics. He was a spiritual seer, an interpreter of the truths of God, divinely anointed to lead men on to heights beyond ordinary attainment. Those who knew him most intimately give their testimonies most readily to the rare beauty of his character, the impressive Christliness of his daily walk. Bishop Foster declared that above every man of his acquaintance Cookman rose superior for the sacredness of his entire life, that he belonged to the highest royalty of

earth, the seraphic, to the race of Fletcher and of Payson. Bishop Simpson, after a close acquaintance of many years, bore witness: "I never heard one word or saw the manifestation of any spirit inconsistent with the highest forms of Christian life." His biographer, Dr. Ridgaway, another intimate friend, says: "He lived and died an example of the reality and power of Christian purity—one of the most beautiful specimens of a natural, simple, yet divinely spiritual manhood which it has fallen to this or any age to possess, and as such he takes his position among the departed worthies of the Christian Church."

He feared God from his earliest years, and at seven had special religious exercises. But it was not until he was ten that, at a protracted-meeting, there was a clear and thorough conversion. He united at once with the Church, established a prayer-meeting for boys of his own age, began to attend camp-meeting, and soon threw himself with the utmost ardor into various forms of Christian work. Even at this time it was "all for God." At sixteen he lead a class-meeting, at sev-

enteen became a sort of city missionary and preached his first sermon, at eighteen was licensed to preach and joined the itinerant ministerial ranks.

While preaching on the Attleboro Circuit, before he was twenty, through the influence of Bishop Hamline, he made a more intelligent, specific, and carefully complete surrender than had before been possible, thus inaugurating a new religious epoch and entering on the blessed rest of a decidedly higher life. The new experience of greater purity was very sweet and promised great things, but alas! in a few weeks he went to Conference, and there, as he says, allowed himself to drift into the spirit of the hour, a spirit of foolish joking and hilarious story-telling which grieved the Spirit and brought a cloud over his communion. For some unexplained reason—lack of proper teaching, probably—this injury thus received hampered him for more than nine years. It was not until 1856, July 16, that he entered into a new covenant with God, by which all doubtful indulgences—including tobacco,

from which after this he totally abstained—were cast away, and with fuller light than ever before a completer consecration was made. Implicit faith and humble confession joined with the total surrender brought him into a wealthy place, from which after this he did not consciously depart. From this time on full salvation, or “heart purity,” as he liked to term it, was his distinctive theme and his abiding joy. Wherever he went as a pastor he established special meetings for the higher Christian life and on a multitude of camp-grounds was its flaming advocate.

We do not find, however, that he intermitted his endeavors after greater nearness to Christ. In 1862 his testimony was: “I have been able to say for years I am saved through the blood of Jesus Christ. I have no doubt of my personal purity, but I want to be filled with the Spirit. I am hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and God is filling me. I have been too anxious for all the fullness at once; but I am willing to be filled as God may determine. I am climbing up. I do n’t leave my present standpoint, but I am climbing up, and wish to do so for ever and ever.”



Again he said: "It is the especial desire of my heart that I may be filled with God. I am panting for more of God, more of His truth, more of His holiness, more of His power; I want the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace." At a later date, 1871, shortly before his death, he got yet clearer revelations as to the path of perfection, and said: "I used to maintain that the blood was sufficient, but I am coming to know that tribulation brings us to the blood that cleanseth. I have known for many years what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb; now I understand the full meaning of that verse, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation,' perfect or purified through suffering." And not far from the same time he wrote: "Cleansed from sin, let us go on, concerned to be without wrinkle or any such thing. After the washing or purifying there are other processes used by the power or Spirit of God in smoothing and adorning and perfecting our characters. We want to be presented faultless before the throne of God with exceeding great joy."



He certainly impressed all who came in contact with him for years that he was ever intent—increasingly so as time wore on—upon one object, the greatest likeness to Jesus. He had uninterrupted communion with God. One large secret of his success as a pastor was his evident desire to do the people good. No term could so adequately sum up the assemblage of his graces, or so fitly characterize him, as saintliness. One-tenth of his income was dedicated to strictly religious uses. He had a firm faith in the care of divine Providence. A young man in Newark, speaking highly of his goodness after his death, was asked if he had often heard him preach. “No,” said he, “I have never heard him preach, but I have watched him as he was walking along the street.”

He said to a friend once on the street, some years before his departure: “I want to go to heaven: I would like to be off if it were God’s will: not that I am tired of life, or do not feel I have much to live for; but O to be with Jesus is much more desirable!” He went to heaven November 13, 1871, at the age of forty-three, a

good deal sooner than seemed to be at all necessary. He did not know how to rest. Instead of letting up the strain a little in the summer, when his Churches gave him a vacation for that specific purpose, he applied himself with increased diligence to substantially the same kind of work. For twenty years or more he went from camp-meeting to camp-meeting throughout the hot months, preaching frequently and laboring very arduously. On these rounds he would toil till voice was gone and sleep was impossible, sometimes remaining up the whole night, exhorting, instructing, praying. His friends remonstrated in vain. He enjoyed it, and did not for a while realize his danger. When the inevitable consequences began to stare him in the face, in the premature decay of his vital force, it was too late to change his habits, and he probably deemed himself justified in thus wearing himself out in a way so productive of large usefulness.

His last camp-meeting sermon, preached at Ocean Grove, was on the text, "Be filled with the Spirit." In this he felt was compacted the one

great want of the Christian Church. The last text in his own pulpit, a little later, October 22d, was, "We all do fade as a leaf." Acute inflammatory rheumatism hurried him away in less than a month. The last weeks were a wonderful compound of keenest physical agony and highest spiritual joy. Some of the most precious experiences of his life were condensed into these days. With every sharp, excruciating pain he felt that Jesus pressed him even more closely to His great heart of love and let him realize the power of His divine sympathy and tenderness. He counted himself immensely the gainer from his sufferings, blessed with new views of Christ's presence and the cleansing blood, and fully persuaded that the present afflictions were working for him a far more exceeding weight of glory. He said: "My Church is very dear to me; my wife and children are very precious; my friends are dear to me; but the sweet will of God I love better than all else; I have no choice to live or die. God has some design in this sickness. Jesus is very precious. If I could have life on earth by the lift-

ing of my hand, I would not. If Jesus should ask me would I live or die, I would answer, 'I refer it back to Thee.' The great concern on my mind has been to know exactly what is the will or design of my Heavenly Father in this dispensation. It has wonderfully increased my interest in and sympathy for suffering humanity. It has realized to me the power and preciousness of many parts of Scripture. It has satisfied me of the independent action of the soul, for when my whole lower nature seemed to be quivering and quailing through excruciating pain, my higher being not only trusted but triumphed in the God of my salvation. The best hours of my illness were when the fierce fires of suffering were kindling and scorching all around me. It has convinced me that full salvation is the only preparation for the ten thousand contingencies that belong to a mortal career."

Thus he passed to his great reward, leaving behind him an immortal name, and greeted by the multitudes he had helped to holier living. He kept himself unspotted from the world, and lived

to the will of God, finding in this, as he explicitly said, the secret of spiritual power. He was, in the language of Morley Punshon, "a blameless and beautiful character, whose spirit exhaled so sweet a fragrance that the perfume lingers with us yet, and who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who had nothing to do at the last moment but mount into the chariot of Israel and go 'sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.' "

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I have no answer, for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mothers knee:  
"All is of God that is or is to be,  
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon His will  
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

*CHARLES G. FINNEY.*



In vain they smite me. Men but do  
What God permits with different view.  
To outward sight they hold the rod,  
But faith proclaims it all of God.

## CHARLES G. FINNEY.

AMONG the greatest revivalists of America Charles Grandison Finney holds a foremost place. He did not number his converts, but in a ministry of more than fifty years it is safe to say that hundreds of thousands turned to the Lord in response to his appeals. There was a long period when the effect of his words on individuals and on masses, wherever he went, seemed little less than miraculous. As a theologian, a leader of thought, an instructor, he also was conspicuous and extremely useful. But our purpose here is simply to note some striking phases of his religious experience, that we may have the benefit of his testimony as to the saintly calling.

He was born in Warren, Conn., August 29, 1792, and died at Oberlin, Ohio, August 16, 1875. His parents, who removed to Western New York when he was an infant, were neither of them professors of religion, and up to his

twenty-sixth year, at which time he began to study law, he had never enjoyed any religious privileges or lived in a praying community. He had been brought up mostly in the woods, and was almost as ignorant of religion, he says, as a heathen. In connection with his law studies he became interested in the Bible, to which his attention was called for the first time, and he also came at this period for the first time under the influence of an educated minister. The Holy Spirit got hold of him, and when twenty-nine years old he had a very remarkable conversion. He immediately went to work for Jesus with immense enthusiasm, having no heart for anything else, and, forsaking the law, prepared by private study for the ministry, to which he felt himself strongly called. From the very beginning the most startling results attended his word, and widespread revivals broke out. In March, 1824, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery, and for the next eleven years he was abundant in labors as an evangelist, chiefly in the cities of New York State. In 1835 he took hold of the new institution at Oberlin, and from that time

till his decease divided his energies between the college and widely extended evangelistic victories on both sides of the Atlantic.

During the early months of 1837, while at work in New York City, "the Lord was pleased," he says, "to visit my soul with a great refreshing. After a season of great searching of heart He brought me, as He has often done, into a large place, and gave me much of that divine sweetness of which President Edwards speaks as attained in his own experience." He explains that he had frequently before this become greatly dissatisfied with his want of stability in faith and love, his weakness in the presence of temptation, and the difficulty that he found in retaining that communion with God, that hold upon the divine strength, which would enable him efficiently to promote revivals of religion. He began to see clearly that there was "an altogether higher and more stable form of Christian life attainable," that it was the privilege of all Christians to live without known sin or condemnation, and to have unbroken peace.

A still greater baptism came upon him near the close of 1843, while he was conducting a revival in Boston. The Lord gave his soul at this time, he says, "a very thorough overhauling." His mind became exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness. He gave himself to a great deal of prayer, and spent the days throughout the winter in little else than searching the Scriptures, much of which seemed new to him, ablaze with light and life. He had a great struggle to consecrate himself to God in a higher sense than he had ever before conceived obligatory or possible. His wife was in very feeble health, and he found difficulty in giving her up unqualifiedly to the will of God. For a long time he was unable to do it. But victory finally came. The infinitely blessed and perfect will of God was welcomed in all its length and breadth as never before, followed by a complete resting in that will, an absolute satisfaction with it, whatever it might bring, such as he had not known. "My mind settled into a perfect stillness. My confidence in God was perfect, my ac-



ceptance of His will was perfect, and my mind was as calm as heaven." His desires seemed all met. Where before prayer had been fervent and protracted for a long period, now he could only say, "Thy will be done." He had such strong faith that God would accomplish all His perfect will that he could not be anxious about anything, nor could he hardly ask for anything; his soul was entirely satisfied. He says: "The Lord lifted me above anything that I had experienced before, and taught me so much of the meaning of the Bible, of Christ's relations and power and willingness, that I often found myself saying to Him, I had not known or conceived that any such thing was true." "At times I could not realize that I had ever before been truly in communion with God." "Since then I have never had those great struggles and long-protracted seasons of agonizing prayer that I had often experienced. It is quite another thing to prevail with God from what it was before. I can come to God with more calmness because with more perfect confidence. He enables me now to rest in Him, and let every-



thing sink into His perfect will. I have felt since then a religious freedom, a religious buoyancy and delight in God and in His Word, a steadiness of faith, a Christian liberty and overflowing love, that I had only experienced occasionally before. My bondage seemed to be at that time entirely broken; and since then I have had the freedom of a child with a loving parent. I can find God within me in such a sense that I can rest upon Him and be quiet, lay my heart in His hand, and nestle down in His perfect will, and have no carefulness or anxiety."

A change came over his preaching. It took more the direction of full salvation, of which his mind was now full. But he soon found, he says, that he preached over the heads of the majority of the people. They did not understand him. Some were wonderfully blessed and made marvelous progress in the divine life, but as a general thing the testimony that he bore was unintelligible to the mass of professors of religion and found no sympathy at their hands. Writing at the close of his life, he says: "I have never

found that more than a very few people appreciated and received those views of God and Christ and the fullness of His free salvation upon which my own soul still delights to feed. In every place where I have preached for many years I have found the Churches in so low a state as to be utterly incapable of understanding and appreciating what I regard as the most precious truths of the whole Gospel. They are ignorant of the power of these truths. It is only now and then that I find it really profitable to the people of God to pour out to them the fullness that my own soul sees in Christ."

One other experience deserves mention. A few years after the great refreshing of 1843, his beloved wife died, and though he felt no resistance whatever to the will of God, as he thought, he fell into great sorrow that almost overwhelmed him. But soon the Lord showed him that if he really loved her, not for himself, but for her own sake, and for God's sake, her happiness with the Lord would make him rejoice in her joy instead of mourning so selfishly. This

produced an instantaneous change in his whole state of mind. From that moment sorrow on account of his loss was gone forever. His faith became so strong and his mind so enlightened that he seemed able to enter into the very state of mind in which she was in heaven, and to commune with her there, to participate in the profound unbroken rest in the perfect will of God, the union with His will, which she was experiencing. "I could see that this was heaven, and I experienced it in my own soul. I have never to this day lost the blessing of these views. They frequently recur to me as the very state of mind in which the inhabitants of heaven are, and I can see why they are in such a state of blessedness."

Comment is hardly necessary. We perceive from all this very plainly what heavenly-mindedness is, and that we may have it here. We see also that a man may be extremely useful in the salvation of souls without it, the two things being so far distinct as to have little real connection. In preaching to sinners one must deal mainly with first principles, and he who has

passed very far beyond this can not, perhaps, as a rule take so absorbing an interest in them as one who is not so much advanced. It is evident, also, that long seasons of agonizing prayer are not a sign of the utmost nearness to God, but just the contrary. And while deep grief for the death of friends is natural, supernatural grace, when sufficiently full, sweeps it away, and transfers us to the divine point of view, which is very different from that of man.

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Whatsoever our lot may be  
Calmly in this thought we'll rest ;  
Could we see as Thou dost see  
We should choose it as the best.

I take Thy hand and fears grow still,  
Behold Thy face and doubts remove ;  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
To perfect truth and boundless love ?

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made:  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half: trust God; see all, nor be afraid.

Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!  
Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the  
throe!

Fool! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes, but Thy soul and God stand sure:  
What entered into Thee,  
That was, is, and shall be:  
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay  
endure.

*JOHN ELLISON VASSAR.*



There is no human being  
With so wholly dark a lot,  
But the heart by turning the picture  
May find some sunny spot.

## JOHN ELLISON VASSAR.

THIS man was called, by one well qualified to speak, "the most laborious and the most useful layman of his age." Another high authority, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, refers to him as "not a whit behind the greatest soul-winners in the Christian Church of the past centuries, either in ardent zeal, or singleness of consecration, or exalted piety," "the most powerful illustration which I have ever witnessed of utter unreserved consecration to God." "I never received such quickening and inspiration from any living person;" "a life so absolutely given up to God that I believe it would have been literally impossible to have given any more; communion with God so unbroken that it may justly be said that the language of earth, its chatter, its frivolity, was a strange speech to him, while the language of heaven was his true mother tongue." Still others testified that "he was the most perfect ex-

emplifier of Christ I ever knew;" "one of God's own noblemen;" "I never met a man who possessed such a transcendent consciousness of divine things;" "I have known many a good man after the flesh, but never another such as he;" "I never met his like in all the varied labors of the saint;" "after an experience of twenty years, I am free to say that I never knew a man who prayed so much, who lived so constantly in the sunshine of the Savior's presence; if ever a man lived Christ, it was he."

He was far from being a great man in the ordinary sense of that term. His education was limited, his personal presence was not commanding, in intellectual grasp he was by no means superior to very many, but in those spiritual characteristics which make a man a prince with God, he had very few equals. He started in as a humble colporteur, he grew to be a master in Israel. Born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 13, 1813, of parents who walked with God, he spent a Godless, prayerless, passionate, profane youth until he was twenty-eight years old. Then

he had a wonderful conversion, resulting in an assurance of sonship so clear that nothing afterwards darkened it for an hour. There was never anything halfway about him. Religion became to him at once the most real thing in the universe, and he speedily took hold in earnest of the work of the Lord in the Baptist Church at Poughkeepsie, which he joined April 3, 1842. But God had very great things for him to do, and a necessary part of the preparation was severe affliction. Between September, 1847, and November, 1849, his happy household, a beloved wife and two fine sons, was swept away by death. He nobly stood the test, and unselfishly rejoiced in the triumph of his dear companion, praising God that her suffering and sorrow were over. It was the time when he wholly cut loose from the world.

He had been up to this date employed in the great Vassar brewery, owned by his cousins, but in 1850, questioning the rightfulness of such an occupation, he severed his connection with it and entered the service of the American Tract So-

ciety. From this time till his discharge from earthly labors, December 6, 1878, he was closely occupied, in this and similar lines, for the promotion of the kingdom of God. He did his greatest work and exhibited his most remarkable power in personal conversation with the unconverted. His precise methods, doubtless, could not be adopted by all, but they are worthy of the most careful study.

His attack on the citadel of the soul was always direct, skillful, persistent, and usually successful. Two texts of Scripture, more than any others, depict him: "Instant in season, out of season," and "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The latter was the word chosen by his pastor to preface the address at his funeral. "If he had a coat of arms," said this speaker, "the proper device for it would have been a burning heart." He was the very incarnation of fervor and red-hot enthusiasm for Christ. He carried the flame and flavor of his religion with him wherever he went. He was all on fire with love for Jesus and his fellow-men. Says a friend, "I

never saw one on whose tongue the precious name of Jesus dwelt so much, it was the keynote of every utterance, the mainspring of all toil." The all-absorbing, overmastering passion of his soul was love to God and the perishing around him. He pressed religion everywhere, and showed himself no respecter of persons, places, or occasions. There was no man of his day, or perhaps of any day, who equaled him in free, ready, easy approach to and entrance into the hearts of men with personal religious messages. His diary shows that at one time, when a colporteur, he conversed in three months with over 3,000 persons on the subject of personal religion; forty families a day were frequently visited.

Wherever he went, from town to town, and from Church to Church, revivals started up with immense power. Drowsy Christians awoke, formal, frozen professors thawed out, and hundreds of careless sinners bowed in penitence at the feet of the Savior. He made his mark for eternity upon thousands of men in the army during the Civil War, where he did more good than dozens



of ordinary chaplains. He represented the yearning heart of Christ, and seemed to have almost magical power over those he met. Each lost soul appeared to be infinitely dear to him, and he worked for it as though his very life depended on the issue. He pursued the glory of God in the salvation of souls with all the ardor and enthusiasm with which a merchant pursues a fortune or a politician an office. His absorption in his labor was so intense that he found a most abiding and abounding joy in it. The bread of service was sweeter to him than the bread of the table, and the meat of doing the Master's will was far better than the meat of bodily food. He seemed often entirely insensible to every earthly thing in his consuming desire to get those saved for whom he was working. Everything that earth had to offer in the way of riches or reputation, comfort or personal gratification, possessed not the slightest attraction for him, was but the dust in the balance compared with heavenly things. He was so indifferent to this world that he seemed absolutely

naturalized as a citizen of heaven, living here for the sole object of getting people there, introducing them to the kingdom of God.

Of course he was considered beside himself by lukewarm, easy-going, half-hearted disciples. The average Christian life was made to look very like a hollow mockery beside a piety like his, always charged to the highest pitch. His riches convicted most others of poverty. His absolute consecration necessarily conveyed a startling rebuke to worldly, self-indulgent Christianity, and disturbance was inevitably produced. He was not comprehended, could not be, by the formalist. The "reproach of Christ" rested richly upon him, but he took it joyfully. Under the sorest provocations he possessed his soul in perfect peace. Nor was he at all censorious, or out of patience with those living on a lower plane. He never glorified himself; it was always Christ.

In fact, unflinching loyalty to the Lord Jesus, based on an adoring love, was the mainspring of all he was and all he did. This love was not a passing fancy or a mere sentiment; it was an

enduring principle, an abiding motive which fortified him against any other feeling, and was his most powerful incentive to action. And the next most prominent feature of his life was his habitual and almost unbroken intercourse with God in prayer. His first conscious breath in the morning was prayer; so was the last at night. He absolutely prayed day and night, prayed about everything, prayed for almost everybody, and with almost everybody he met, prayed when he went out and when he came in, prayed before every religious service, and prayed all the way through it. If he had a moment to spare while waiting for dinner he would snatch refreshment from his Bible and then drop upon his knees for a few words with the great Life and Lover of his soul. He esteemed prayer a most blessed privilege and a deep delight, not a drudgery, as it is with most. He had mighty faith, and an unwavering trust. His acquaintance with the Bible was of the most intimate character. His persistency of purpose, his wise tact, his tender sympathy, his childlike simplicity, his deep humility,

were all most marked. In spite of the great success of his labors he retained an unmagnified self-estimate. He liked to call himself "the Shepherd's dog," and "legs for Bunyan and Baxter." He never paraded his personal piety, nor trumpeted his attainments in the Christian life. Dr. Stone says: "I once asked him what he thought of the doctrine of perfect sanctification in this life. His answer was, 'I do not doubt we may have high experiences of Christ's love, and great degrees of submission and joy, but the difficulty is to keep there.' " There was much wisdom and spiritual insight in these words. He had a most broad and catholic spirit. Although denominationally a Baptist, he labored for no particular sect, went with equal acceptance and interest among all Churches holding the evangelical faith, and profoundly loved them all. Wherever his name was known it was the synonym for godliness. He was the marvel of his age, "a Moody and Sankey combined," for he was a very sweet singer as well as an indefatigable evangelist. How he did pull sinners out of the fire! You

could not meet him on the street, even for five minutes, without seeing what was the great absorbing interest of his soul. The beauty of holiness, the blessedness of service, the grandeur of self-sacrifice—these were the outstanding lessons of his life. “Hallelujah” was the last word on his lips as he passed on into the next state of being. His whole life, after he was thirty-seven, seems to have been pitched, without much variation, on this same high key. So far as we can trace it, the various stages of growth which mark most Christians did not appear with any distinctness in his experience. It looks as though he was born with almost full stature, and served God with the energy of an undivided heart well-nigh from the very start, although, of course, he had much to learn. Christians of this glorious type, companions of the order of full salvation, knights of the Holy Ghost, carrying with them perpetually the savor of a holy life and the atmosphere of heaven—how rare, how much needed in the Church, how dear to God! Will not the reader resolve, so far as in him lies, to add one to the number?



*MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVER-  
GAL.*



Be like a bird that, halting in her flight,  
Awhile on boughs too slight,  
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,  
Knowing that she hath wings.

## MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WHAT more likely to draw out ardent longings for greater likeness to Christ than increased acquaintance with Miss Havergal who was clearly one of God's chosen saints? This, no one who has read her own letters and other writings, as well as the memoir by her sister, will be disposed to doubt. Her religious experience divides itself naturally into two periods, the first of which, up to December 2, 1873, need not detain us much, for it is of the common kind, marked by the usual doubts and struggles that hamper the progress of so many of God's children. From earliest years she longed to be a Christian, but received little aid. When about fourteen, in a revival at school, she took a forward step and had a sort of conversion, but it was far from clear or satisfactory to her aspiring soul, which had very high standards. Still from about this time she assumed Christian duties and took a stand for Jesus. July

17, 1854, she was confirmed (her father being a clergyman in the Church of England), and found a blessing in it.

She now went on from year to year with a good many ups and downs, her faith sometimes much strengthened, sometimes much wavering, but with a growing beauty in her daily life, and considerable success from time to time in soul-winning, as well as large blessings on her literary labors. Still the unreserved surrender was not made, and, in consequence, permanent peace was not found. She remained in more or less bondage to the opinions of worldly friends. Pride and selfishness at times gave her sore battles and keen regrets. She deeply grieved when she yielded to temptation, and strongly desired to rise to a higher level of Christian life, but she seemed unable to grasp the great truths in this direction, which were faithfully pointed out to her.

In the latter part of November, 1873, Miss Havergal received a penny tract, with the title, "All for Jesus," which met the needs of her soul.

It set forth a fullness of Christian love and life, a uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment of God, much beyond what she had attained. She wrote to the author, and, in response to her letter, he said a few words on the power of Jesus to keep those who abide in Him from falling, and on the continually present power of his blood to save, according to 1 John i, 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Joyfully she replied, "I see it all, and I have the blessing."

This surely was simple, but it made a wondrous change. In her own words, "It lifted her whole soul into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams compared with the fullness of summer glory." Henceforth her peace and joy flowed onwards, deepening and widening under the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Her surrender was never retracted, but it was constantly renewed and revised in the continual endeavor to keep the consecration fully up to the ever-increasing light. Thus there was a very blessed and

almost uninterrupted progress, as she pressed toward the mark.

In the few years that followed before she passed to heaven (June 3, 1879) she was able nearly always to sound very clear high notes of triumph to the honor of her Lord. We append a few expressions from her letters: "I have not a fear or a doubt or a care or a shadow of a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart. Every day brings some quite new cause for praise." "My whole heart says, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' " "I never feel eager even for usefulness now; it is happier to leave it all to Him, and I always pray, Use me, Lord, or not use me, just as thou wilt." "Life is now what I never dreamed life on earth could be, though I knew much of peace and joy in believing before." "The blessing not only lasts, but increases. It is even having a great effect upon my health; for all touch of worry, care, anxiety, and fidget about anything earthly or heavenly is all gone. Jesus takes it all, and the rest of faith is more perfect

and uninterrupted than I imagined it possible for any one of my nervous, high-strung temperament to enjoy." "Now, 'Thy will be done' is not a sigh, but only a song." "It is such a glorious life, this life of utter surrender, continual cleansing, absolute trust and implicit obedience." "The really leaving everything to Him is so inexpressibly sweet, and surely he does arrange so much better than we could for ourselves when we leave it all to Him." "Is it not delicious to know that he chooses every bit of our work, and orders every moment of our waiting? What a Master we have." "'Great is thy faithfulness' shines out upon the past, and 'I will fear no evil' upon the future." "There seems no room for the word 'disappointment' in the happy life of entire trust in Jesus and satisfaction with his perfect and glorious will."

Miss Havergal was called to pass through very severe trials, bereavements, heavy losses by fires and failures of publishing-houses, and intense, protracted, painful illnesses. Her triumph in these things was unquestionable. She was



brought to the borders of the grave by a long lingering fever, but kept in perfect peace. She says, "I am so very happy that it has really seemed worth being prayed back from the very gates of heaven if I may but tell of His faithfulness. Not one good thing hath failed." "He has granted me fully to rejoice in His will. I am not conscious of even a wish crossing it. He giveth songs in the night. I feel as if it had intensified my trust; I do trust Him utterly and feel as if I could not help trusting Him." "I have not one regret or quiver of longing for anything but what He appoints. He hath done all things well. How sure we are of that." "I am so very glad He did not answer prayer for my recovery all those eight months of illness. Why, I should have missed all sorts of blessing and precious teaching if He had."

She was so eager to advance that the searching processes were welcomed. She did not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because she so greatly wanted to have the unknown depths cleansed as well as what came more read-

ily to the surface. And God carried on his work within her in the usual way, by gradual disclosures as she was fitted to bear it. There were times when she felt that her watchfulness had not been quite perfect, that the eye of faith had wandered, for a moment at least, from Jesus, when there had been a less ready and hearty response than there should have been to some unexpected and trying requirement of the Master, when there was a less eager searching to know and pressing on to do the whole will of God than was possible, when through some remissness or rashness or half unconscious self-seeking or evil speaking or inward fretting, the close communion had been a little clouded as He withdrew the brightness of His shining, and some small spot or wrinkle had marred the snowy robe of perfect righteousness. She could not always feel so sure as she wished that the temptation to spiritual pride had not met with some slight consent, and so partaken a little of the nature of sin. Her sensitive conscience and strict self-judgment led her to set down several accusations

of this sort against herself in the course of her correspondence. She did not count her self to have reached perfection. She was ready to confess that the full continual draughts of "shadowless communion" which she believed possible she did not possess; and occasionally there were humbling revelations of failure in fullest consecration. It was not till August, 1878, that God showed her the inconsistency of a Christian's retaining a large amount of superfluous jewelry while the heathen were perishing for the Gospel. And not till two or three months before her death did she take any decided stand or do any work for the cause of total abstinence.

But it should be distinctly understood that very rare and very brief were the pauses in the triumphant onward march of her Christian character. Her whole soul was wrapped up in honoring her beloved Lord. "I do n't ask Him to guide my words, but to give me His," she writes; and He did speak through her to the uplifting of multitudes in a very wonderful way. Her sweet hymns have thrilled the Church universal. She

sang for Jesus as very few have done. She was a most ardent Bible student. Her prose works are completely saturated with Scripture. She committed to memory all the New Testament and the devotional parts of the Old. Nothing less than a volume of description does anything like justice to her beautiful life.

In the midst of her forty-third year God took her to Himself. It is little to say that she did not fear death. Any such feeling in the face of her Father's messenger would have been quite impossible. To be with the King was her deepest desire. She astonished the doctor by the inquiry, "Do you think I have a chance of going?" When great agony came on, she whispered, "It's home the faster. God's will is delicious. He makes no mistakes." When the end was thought to be very near she asked, "Do you really think I am going to-day?" The doctor said, "Probably." And her reply was, "Beautiful, too good to be true." Soon after, looking up smiling she said, "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven." This, and "So beautiful to go," was

again and again repeated. "Do speak bright, bright words about Jesus," she said; "He is so good to take me now. Come, Lord Jesus, come and fetch me." And so, amid anguish of body, but with victory in her soul and glorious radiance upon her face, she passed up to meet in heaven the Master whom she had so faithfully served on earth.

Surely she yet speaketh. Her trust and triumph may be ours. We have the very same Jesus, whose blood cleanseth still, and whose power is amply sufficient to keep. What God did for her He will do for us if we so desire and demand, laying down the inevitable price of entire surrender. It will be nobody's fault but our own if we live at a lower level, and fail of the bliss that crowned her days and may well crown ours.

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Take my love—my Lord I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

*MRS. MARY D. JAMES.*



If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods!  
A fair return be thine!  
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul  
And interchange with mine.

## MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

THAT Mrs. Mary D. James was eminent for goodness and has rarely been surpassed for saintliness, that she walked with God in the most emphatic sense, all who had the privilege of her intimate acquaintance were and are perfectly ready to testify. A few of such testimonies, out of the many that have been given, may here be quoted: "She is the best person I ever knew;" "I have often said that hers, taken for all in all, was the most beautiful Christian life that I ever witnessed;" "In every element of holiness she was my ideal Christian;" "I thought her the most rounded and symmetrical Christian character, the most exemplary illustration of the doctrine of Christian holiness I ever knew;" "Her life was hid with Christ in God, spirituality was her normal state, her soul was ever wrapped in divine contemplations, she had constant communion with God;" "In the course of forty years' minis-

try, I have met with none who more fully possessed the mind of Christ than Mrs. Mary D. James."

Born August 7, 1810, and clearly converted, after a considerable struggle, February 18, 1821, she had a very bright experience of the second blessing when only twelve years of age, giving herself to God at that time with an unreserved consecration so that in response to an appropriating faith he took actual possession of her whole nature, and filled all her faculties with loving devotion. It was a very complete work, so far as the necessarily imperfect light of the time extended. But she was sufficiently well instructed to know that her only safety lay in a continual maintenance of her consecration by a continual deepening or renewal of it, as fuller knowledge of what it comprehended was vouchsafed. This is evident from what she wrote at a later date: "I am more and more persuaded that our advancement in holiness depends greatly upon the continual denying of self, and that in proportion as we crucify self and relinquish our own will, will the grace of God live and grow in us."

There seems no reason to doubt that she went steadily on in this way with no backward steps for the rest of her long life, laying on the altar of her Lord sixty shining years all for Jesus. We question if there is any other instance completely parallel to this. She had many advantages: this marvelously early start; the training of a most godly and judicious mother; large natural endowments, both mental and social; energy, courage, persistency, force; association with many of the most excellent of the earth; several avenues of wide usefulness almost constantly open to her; severe trials of many kinds, both small and great, all of which she utilized carefully for growth in grace.

It was not because life moved smoothly with her that she was so uniformly joyful and prospered so greatly in spiritual things; quite the contrary. Her burdens were very heavy, her frame was exceptionally frail, her health scarcely ever good. Her feeble little body, on several occasions, owed its continued existence directly to the all-sustaining power that so wonderfully upheld

the spirit. She welcomed the severe ordeals that her Heavenly Father sent, as she said, "To teach me lessons of patience and fortitude which I had never learned." Referring in her diary to a great uplift which resulted from a bitter tribulation, she writes, "Fifty days have passed since that blessed hour of holy privilege, and from that hour I date a deeper experience in the inner life which has made the presence of Jesus the most vivid reality of my existence. Most of these fifty days I have been suffering from severe sickness, but each day has been crowned with signal mercies, and every day has borne on its wings praises to God from a grateful heart."

She was emphatically a growing Christian through all the sixty years, finding no place to stop, but making each attainment a stepping-stone to something higher. Aspirations for more were ever joined with praises for what she had. Her soul "was fired with a holy ambition," she says, "to have so large an inheritance that my income may supply all my needs and enable me to live quite above the world."



She writes again: "I do know that I love God supremely, that my heart is not on earth, but in heaven, that my will is swallowed up in the will divine, and that the Most High condescends to own me for his child and blesses me with his smiles from day to day. But O, there is a fullness which I have not yet attained to which my soul aspires continually." At a later date she writes: "The longer I live, the more I see that I am nothing. The opinions of the world, its esteem and applause, have been diminishing in importance to me for years past. Now they seem to be of no more consequence than a puff of wind. My only solicitude is to please God and be useful in the world."

She was very useful. Besides the faithful performance of her duties as wife and mother in the home which she made so happy, she was an indefatigable worker in all kinds of meetings, was much blessed among children, was very active in the temperance cause, was a wonderful helper at camp-meetings, particularly at Ocean Grove, and accomplished great good with her



tireless pen. Besides the four books, and the fifty or more hymns (some of them very widely sung), and the multitudinous articles in papers and magazines, what she accomplished for Jesus in the way of correspondence would of itself make a brilliant chapter. Her biographer had 1,500 letters before him preserved by those to whom they were written. She never wrote a letter without bearing testimony for Jesus. Even the most hurried note or postal card breathed forth something of her all-pervading piety. Religion was usually her theme. It was her joy to seize the first opportunity after learning of any important event in the history of one who seemed to have claims upon her, to make that event the subject of a letter, leading the thought to the Divine Ruler of all things. The helping of twenty-five young men into the ministry was one item of her work for the Master.

Her well-balanced mind kept her entirely free from fanaticism. She never expected results without the use of means, nor did she make a hobby of special terms. "She never professed to

be sinless, or holy or perfect," declares her son and biographer. And one of her pastors records that in giving testimony for Christ it was apparent that her desire was to exalt her Savior and not herself; she was ready to take part, but was not overforward or obtrusive. Impulses to a particular course, or to changes in her plans, were tested by God's Word and Providence, and were only obeyed when they were shown to be in harmony with common sense enlightened by the Holy Spirit. She writes: "It is wonderful how self-will remains concealed sometimes, and we think it is gone and that we are all the Lord's, when suddenly something occurs to arouse the hidden enemy, and lo! he makes his appearance again, and we are surprised to find he still lives." She fully understood that it is not possible until we are sharply tested to know precisely where we are. "Suffering the loss of all things, when realized," she wrote, "is very different from the mere contemplation of such a trial." At times she was obliged to confess that saying, "Thy will be done," in the face of great sorrows, was

harder than she had expected. "My poor heart had a struggle, but victory came very soon and the song of praise was again on my lips."

It is evident that hers was a very natural life (although drawing its strength from supernatural sources), going straight forward in simplicity and beauty to ever-increasing symmetry. It was not without flaw or defect or occasion for repentance and correction; it made no pretense or profession of this. But it was genuinely and deeply devoted to God; and when it found, on very rare occasions, that there had been, through inadvertence or ignorance, a stepping aside or a coming short from what was the ideal right, it did not through false pride of consistency or adherence to a mistaken theory try to cover this up or explain it away. The fault was frankly acknowledged and measures were taken to amend it. Thus the growth went gloriously onward. There was no assumption of having already attained. There was a constant reaching forth to a more and more intimate walk with the Master. And so her lifelong motto, "All for Jesus," came

to mean at the last a very different thing from what it did at the first.

She was able to say as her days grew toward their close, with even greater positiveness than before: "The mainspring of all my work for this blessed cause and the source of my spiritual life is the felt reality of the indwelling presence of the living Christ." "My peace is as a river. Not a cloud intervenes between the bright sun, my dear Redeemer, and my soul. Such sweet resting in His blessed will. Such unwavering trust in and constant help from Him who is my strength and righteousness, my wisdom, and my all. O, it is indeed joy unspeakable and full of glory." "All anxiety is excluded both in reference to my own personal concerns and those of my dearest ones. I am learning more and more to accept everything as from the hand of my loving Father, looking away from second causes and seeing only His guiding hand." "I have no other will but to do the will of God; no other desire but to work and speak and think for Him; no other purpose or object or aim but to please him in all

things. The thought of offending him is more dreadful to me than to suffer death in its most terrific form. To be burnt at the stake would be infinitely preferable to an act that would offend my adorable Lord, to whom I have consecrated all my soul and body's powers, yes, all I know and all I feel, all I have and all I am."

On finishing her last full twelve-month, she said, January 1, 1883: "I think of all my seventy-two years, this has been the happiest. I have found it so sweet to live and work for Jesus. It pays well to serve God." Her last words were, "I am ready." And thus, October 4, 1883, she was translated, having had witness borne to her from great multitudes that her daily life corresponded to the profession which she made. She learned the blessed secret of believing God and trusting him completely. No shadow of doubt rested on her full assurance that all things without exception, under the special control of One who perfectly loved her, were constantly working out her good. She experienced a very great salvation whose richness and sweetness surpassed



all powers of language to describe. The infinite resources of divine love and life were open to her and were laid hold of by simple faith to her exceeding great comfort. But certainly they are for all, equally for all, who sufficiently prize their preciousness to take the steps needful to gain them. That it pays to do so, pays a million-fold, seems to the writer absolutely sure. But, alas! to all but a handful it seems like an idle tale.

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The dearest thing on earth to me  
Is Jesus' will;  
Where'er I go, where'er I be  
To do His will.  
Worldly pleasures can not charm me,  
Powers of evil can not harm me,  
Death itself can not alarm me,  
For 't is His will.

I have seen the face of Jesus,  
Tell me not of aught beside;  
I have heard the voice of Jesus,  
All my soul is satisfied.



Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown;  
Jesus I know, and He is on the throne.  
Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed;  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast  
forward;  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would  
triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,  
And back of the flour the mill;  
And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower  
And the sun, and the Father's will.

*CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.*

I will say it over and over,  
This and every day,  
Whatsoever the Master orders,  
Come what may,  
"It is the Lord's appointment ;"  
For only His love can see  
What is wisest, best, and right;  
What is truly good for me.

## CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

HE who became known as "Chinese Gordon" because of his marvelous exploits in defeating the Taipings in China, and who became so greatly endeared to the English people because of his equally marvelous work in the Soudan, besides being a heroic soldier and an almost unrivaled leader of men, was clearly one of the brightest saints of modern times. To do anything like half justice to the latter traits in his character, within brief compass, we must wholly omit dwelling on the former, and refer our readers, for those particulars, to the many lives of the General to be found in most libraries.

His birthday was January 28, 1833, and his crowning day January 26, 1885—slain by Arab spears or rifle balls at Khartoum, diademed by the Almighty somewhere in the upper regions. His father was a lieutenant-general in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolrich when Charles

was born, and the latter was educated in the Military Academy there. Whether he ever had any experience which corresponds at all closely to what we call conversion is not clear. There is, at least, no account of it in any of the many books about him which have appeared, or any of his voluminous journals and letters. His brother writes: "It is difficult to say at what period of his life his thoughts began to take a serious turn. One thing is quite certain, and that is, that through his mother's loving tenderness the seed was sown in childhood, and that the terrible scenes of rapine, starvation, and murder he witnessed in China caused that seed to bring forth its own fruit in good time." Rev. Mr. Barnes says: "He told me that he could not remember a period when thinking of these things (the joys of heaven) he had not longed for death." Before Sebastopol, when he was twenty-one, we find cropping out in letters and journals much the same ideas that characterized his whole life. He was never connected directly with any section of professing Christians: the two he most

avored were the English Presbyterians and the Church of England. He was truly catholic, finding good in all, and as ready to help the poor of one sect as of another, "Protestants and Catholics," he said, "are but soldiers of different regiments in the same army." Berzati Bey, his black Mohammedan secretary in the Soudan, taught him, he says, "the great lesson that in all nations and climes there are those who are perfect gentlemen, and who, though they may not be called Christians, are so in spirit and in truth."

He was by no means without weaknesses and faults. He had many peculiarities and eccentricities. Inaction was intolerable to him, and he had an almost morbid appreciation of the value of time. Hence he was not always placid or patient. Impatience and pride, or the fear of their rising again though so firmly held down, troubled him more or less to the end. He was not in all things worthy to be an example, not a model of all the virtues, and he would have been the last to claim it, or to profess entire deliverance from a sinful nature. But there have been



very few men who strove so earnestly to conform their lives to the will of God or to imitate Jesus Christ. He seemed to care for nothing except to serve his Lord and do good. A prayer he often uttered was: "May I be ground to dust if He will glorify Himself in me." Much of his life was a living sacrifice, a suffering for the sins of others. He stands out not as a little hill, but as one of the mountains of God, a hero among heroes, a saint among saints. Says Rev. H. C. Wilson, who was with him much at Gravesend: "I never knew a man who lived so near to God. He literally looked not at the seen but at the unseen, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Said one who was conversant with his life in Ireland: "I knew General Gordon well, and if it were possible for a man to be deified on account of his goodness, Gordon was the man." An officer in the army who knew him intimately, said: "Gordon was the nearest approach to Christ Jesus of any man that ever lived." Mr. Lawrence Oliphant called him "the most Christly man I ever knew." And of such testimonies many more have been given.

His unworldliness could in no way be hid from the gaze of those about him. They felt in him all the naturalness of a little child, the strangeness also of childhood that has not yet learned our poor earthly values or our low earthly language. He was not at home in conventional society, hated to be lionized, disliked decorations, fled from human praise. He was not a dreamer; he was simply awake in the world of dreamers under an open sky, while the rest were shut in. Nothing irritated him more than to be effusively thanked. The desire to efface himself entered into the small details of life, and amounted almost to a disease. He would never talk of himself or his doings. His four principles of life, he said, were: "(1) Entire self-forgetfulness; (2) absence of pretension; (3) refusal to accept as a motive the world's praise or disapproval; (4) to follow in all things the will of God." Ceaseless self-sacrifice, love for man, and an absolute trust in God were the mainsprings of his activity, and the chief sources of his joy.

It is his unwavering trust in God, his absolute

faith, perhaps more than any other one thing, which would be selected as the leading feature of his character. He said: "Either I must believe He does all things in mercy and love, or I must disbelieve in His existence; there is no halfway in that matter for me." "It is quite impossible that any one can be happy, or even tranquil, unless he accepts the faith that God rules every little item in our daily lives, permitting the evil and turning it to our good." "Whatsoever happens is best; God directs all things, great and small, in infinite wisdom." "The whole of religion consists in looking to God as the true Ruler, and above the agents he uses; the flesh will always look to the agents." "I can not wish things were different from what they are, for if I do so then I wish my will, not His, to be done." "In this life the position we occupy is as nothing; each is in his right place." "When you bow to the will of God, you die to this world."

"Be not thou moved," was one of his favorite watchwords. And his keen appreciation of the superior delights of the next world was one of

the principal causes why the delights and dangers of this world had so little power to move him. He looked forward to death as a great boon, an inestimable blessing, above all things to be desired. He writes: "Some one has said to me that my sister's marriage might shorten my mother's life, as if it was a thing to be lamented." "If you see any one fading away, envy him or her, and say, How long shall I be passed over; when will my time come?" "One blessing of the Christian's life is that he daily grows younger and younger, and is, as it were, born when he dies." To the King of Abyssinia, who threatened him with death, he replied that he was entirely ready to die, and that in killing him the king would only confer a favor, opening a door he must not open for himself.

He was a simple, strong, unselfish man, a knight of the nineteenth century. The days and the deeds of chivalry were in him more than repeated, they were heightened because of the loftier motives which lighted him on his lonely way. For if ever one was possessed with a fervent love

for man combined with a passion for God's glory and a supreme devotion to the will divine it certainly was he. To him it was given to show clearly that the highest ideals of faith and duty are living forces still, even in a materialistic, commercial, money-making age. He was free from cant. He did not press religion indiscriminately on all, being a man of exceeding great common sense, but wherever he felt that it would do he introduced the subject, and delighted in nothing so much as to talk about the things of the kingdom. He was an assiduous tract distributor in a quiet way. Before leaving England for Khartoum the last time, he sent to each member of the cabinet a copy of "Clarke on the Scripture Promises," which was one of his favorite books. The "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius" was held by him in the very highest esteem, and also Kempi's "Imitation of Christ."

On his final departure from England he sent to a friend, from the War Office, this telegram: "I go to the Soudan to-night; if He goes with me all must be well." The whole story of his



life is written in these simple words. He called the presence of God his Koh-i-noor. The last letter which he sent from Khartoum, December 14, 1884, just before the veil shut in around him, contains these closing words: "God rules all; and as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty." He is not dead. Such men can not die. The admiration of what he was and what he did, which never can cease to grow, must raise up many to emulate his high example, to copy his unshakable faith, his fervent love, his absorption in the will divine. He was, it has been said, "a man as unselfish as Sydney, of courage dauntless as Wolfe, of honor stainless as Outram, of sympathy wide-reaching as Drummond, of honesty straightforward as Napier, of faith as steadfast as More." Some one has written of him,

"Unbounded courage and compassion joined  
Tempering each other in the tenderest mind,  
Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
And make the hero and the man complete."



On the magnificent memorial tablet erected to him in Westminster Abbey, appear these words: "To Major-General Charles George Gordon, . . . who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God."

And Tennyson's epitaph for him, on no account to be omitted, may well close this very imperfect and much too abbreviated sketch:

"Warrior of God, man's friend and tyrant's foe,  
Now somewhere dead, far in the waste Soudan,  
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know  
This earth has never borne a nobler man."

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Teach me to answer still,  
What e'er my lot may be,  
To all Thou sendest me  
Of good or ill,  
All goeth as God will.

*HENRY DRUMMOND.*

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
While the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are  
strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

## HENRY DRUMMOND.

It must be confessed that Henry Drummond was not exactly a saint of the conventional sort, or after what may be called the regulation pattern as it is commonly conceived. He was very fond of athletics, was fascinated with fishing and hunting, a keen chess player, a boon companion of boys to the end, very much given to smoking, always well dressed, had a strong sense of humor, and a plentiful supply of hobbies, among them that of collecting old carved oak furniture, was a pronounced evolutionist, and decidedly modern in his views of the Bible. Yet that he was far beyond the ordinary in goodness and holiness all that came into closest contact with him bear willing witness. Professor George Adam Smith, his chief biographer, says, "There are hundreds of men and women who will always be sure that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew." It is the testimony of those who knew him

longest and most intimately, that he lived constantly in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. Mr. D. L. Moody, than whom on all accounts there is none more competent to speak, said: "Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master, or sought to do his will more fully. No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see in him something that was unlike Christ, and I often do it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. He was the most Christlike man I ever knew." Sir Archibald Geikie, who taught him and traveled much with him, said, "I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies, than they were in Henry Drummond." Still another says, "He seemed to possess all the graces and virtues of which as perfect man I dreamed."

Men and women of every rank of life and of

almost every nation under the sun turned to him for the inspiration which can only come from the purest, and poured into his receptive soul their freest confidences and confessions. He was both prophet and priest to a great host. He was a born evangelist. And after the Moody and Sankey campaign in Scotland—1873-74—which found him in college at Edinburgh, and in which he was marvelously useful, evangelism became the master passion of his life the rest of his days. He had long dreamed of it, and he was eminently fitted for it; a great fisher of men, one of the Andrew type, pleasant mannered, always getting hold of somebody and introducing people to Christ. This was his most enduring work for the Master, personal contact with others into whose very hearts he easily entered by a marvelous sympathy. Never, perhaps, was any man so loved as he. He had a genius for friendship, an absorbing interest in others, looking upon their things rather than upon his own. He had the humility of self-forgetfulness, the patience of love, was always courteous, kind, genial, simple,



sunny, and hopeful. He gave sympathy freely, but never called for it. He showed a Christianity which was perfectly natural, unforced, and unassuming. And yet he did not follow the fashions of society, did not care for the things of this world, seeing its extreme littleness in comparison with the attractions of the hereafter, and he never bowed to Mrs. Grundy. He carried about him an air of distinction, but it was an air of purity not of pride. He belonged to the true aristocracy of passionate souls, those who live not on the circumference of things, but at the center, live for the things most worth while. With very lofty conceptions of his duty to his fellowmen, which prompted him to sink personal preferences and ease, he had also an unfaltering trust in God, and a deep devotion to His will. He preached an extended series of discourses on the "Will of God," finding it, as he says, his "freshest truth," "a profound and marvelous subject," "a great help to many of my friends." He was intensely spiritual. "I have only one passion, that is Christ," he said; and his daily life and conversa-

tion were absolutely consistent, his friends declare, with this all-embracing confession of faith.

The ease and winsomeness of his piety was, it should be said, largely inherited. His parents were deeply religious, as well as evangelical in doctrine, and his early home was permeated with a bracing Christian atmosphere. He was born at Sterling, August 17, 1851, and died at Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1897. He began to be a Christian at nine years of age, when he was found, a little curly-headed boy, weeping to think he had never loved the dear Savior. It was at this time he gave his heart to Jesus. He quite early received what he considered a call to the direct service of God, but, somewhat singularly, he felt no drawing to the ordinary work of the ministry. And though he went not only through the college, but also through the theological classes at Edinburgh (1866-76) and was even licensed to preach in 1878, he rejected all invitations to settle as a pastor. It is true that he was ordained in 1884, but this was only to comply with the regulations of the Free Church, that he

might take the chair of natural science in Glasgow Theological College. He always declined to be called reverend or preach in the usual acceptance of that term; he gave addresses, lectures, and Bible readings. He appeared to feel that any touch of professionalism would hinder him in getting close to those he so much wished to reach, the young men and boys, the students of the colleges and universities of Scotland, England, Ireland, America, and Australia, with whom he was such a power for good.

He reached, with voice and pen, a wider constituency than almost any other religious teacher of his time. His first book, which made him so speedily famous, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," had attained a sale of 130,000 copies some years ago in England alone, to say nothing of the vast numbers sold in other lands. His Christmas booklets had an amazing circulation. "The Greatest Thing in the World," issued at Christmas, 1889, had sold in Great Britain before the author died, 330,000 copies. "Pax Vobiscum," issued in 1890, sold 130,000 copies in six years.

Others of the series, not quite so popular, sold 90,000, 80,000, 60,000 copies. Who can estimate the good that was thus done?

But his greatest contribution to religion was himself. As Mr. H. W. Mabie has said, "He was a fine example of natural goodness, a beautiful type of normal religious unfolding. He was without cant, exaggeration, undue emphasis of one side of life to the exclusion of the other side, affectation of speech or self-consciousness." He found the heart of Christianity, the secret of pure manhood and a beneficent life, in a personal friendship for Christ; and this was his chief message. Dr. Marcus Dodds, one of his teachers, to whose influence he was fond of expressing his supreme indebtedness for whatever benefit his life had been, said, at the funeral, "To any one who had need of him he seemed to have no concerns of his own to attend to, he was wholly at the disposal of those whom he could help. It was this active and self-forgetting sympathy, this sensitiveness to the condition of every one he met, which won the heart of peer and peasant, which

made him the most delightful of companions and the most serviceable of friends. Penetrate as deeply as you might into his nature, and scrutinize it as keenly, you never met anything to disappoint, anything to incline you to suspend your judgment or modify your verdict that here you had a man as nearly perfect as you had ever known any one to be. And at the heart of all lay his profound religious reverence, his unreserved acceptance of Christ, and of Christ's idea of law and life. He was through and through, first of all and last of all, a follower and a subject of Christ."

Yet, like the Master, and most other good men, he had many enemies, because he was much misunderstood. Their attacks were often cruel and he sometimes felt them, but he never retaliated in kind. He was obliged to depart from the school of the older orthodoxy, even as was Jesus. He did his best to help on the movement toward a more solid, because more reasonable, faith, and a truer, purer Christianity. They who think this detracted from his saintliness must



part company with D. L. Moody, who, though most strictly orthodox himself, was great enough to see that this was not the matter of highest importance, and that mere differences of opinion on doctrine furnished no reason for diminution of sincere admiration or reverent friendship.

One important thing we learn from Henry Drummond—would that we might learn it well—is that God's saints are very varied in many things, not made on one pattern, nor conformed at all points to our preconceptions and likings, our personal temperamental ideals and views. Happy he who neither permits his love for an individual to warp his conclusions concerning what is generally best in the way of practices or doctrines, nor suffers those carefully formed conclusions, which appeal for justification to society as a whole in the long run, to prevent him from according heartiest praise for personal sincerity and genuine goodness to those who depart even widely therefrom.



The hero is not fed on sweets,  
Daily his own heart he eats;  
Chambers of the great are jails,  
And head winds right for royal sails.

Lowly, faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast  
That found the common daylight sweet,  
And left to heaven the rest.

*DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

## DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

THE son who wrote the biography declares: "Father lived solely for the glory of God and for the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." And again: "For nearly half a century his one aim in life was to do the will of God." Professor Towner testified: "I have never met a man who came so near Christ's standard as he." That he lived wholly for God, with a passionate devotion to the work of saving souls, and was remarkably successful in this business, more so probably than any other man of his generation, is so manifest as to need no enlargement. And the fact makes it incumbent on us to inquire for the secret of his achievements. That he could have done what he did in so many directions had he not been really a great man, is inconceivable. Professor Drummond says: "Moody was the biggest human I ever met." And another gave testimony: "In sheer brain size, in the raw material of intellect,

Moody stands among the first three or four great men I have ever known." He had so many of the qualities which win that he would have made a huge mark on the world in almost any line of action. Had he continued in mercantile life—which he left at twenty-four, when receiving an annual income of \$5,000—he would have been a millionaire. No one who saw him manage so marvelously his vast evangelistic campaigns, especially the one at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, could doubt that as a general or civil administrator he would have reached very high rank. This needs to be said because there are those who, in their desire to magnify the grace of God, give the impression that anybody with an equally complete consecration would be used of God to do an equally large work. This is to think very superficially, and to ignore some of the plainest laws of the divine kingdom. That Moody could not have done so much had not God been marvelously with him is true. But it is also true that he could have done comparatively little had he been of little natural capacity. It is

not well to forget that both features or factors always enter into the result.

We are especially interested here in inquiring as to the particular things he did for the enhancement of his own spiritual growth, for these are the things by which we all, whether small or great, may reap profit. We may reach similar heights of holiness by the use of similar measures, though not called of God to do the same kind or degree of work. Moody had, in the first place, an exceptionally good mother, to whose wise training he owed much; and, in the second place, a sound conversion. Leaving his home at Northfield (born February 5, 1837), he went to Boston to make his way when seventeen, and there, through the labors of a faithful Sunday-school teacher, was speedily brought to Christ. Soon after his reception into the Church (Mt. Vernon Congregational), he removed to Chicago to improve his fortunes, and there threw himself with characteristic energy not only into making money, but into working for his Savior, especially in the Sunday-school line. It was in con-



nection with this that, in 1861, he received the first of those marked spiritual uplifts, that made him what he was. The story has been often told, how one of the teachers in the school he superintended, finding that he was going to die of consumption, and being much distressed over the fact that he had never led any of his class to Christ, went round with Moody to all their houses and pleaded with them until the last one had yielded. Then, the night before the teacher had to leave, the class was called together for a prayer-meeting. Mr. Moody says: "There God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant, and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might not have gone. But how many times I have thanked God since for that meeting! As I went from it I said to myself, 'O God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received to-night.' "

He did not lose it, but, on the contrary, added to it many others. Not all are recorded, but spe-

cial mention is made in his biography of no less than five, as the years went on. One came on his first visit to Great Britain, in 1867. There he heard words which, his son says, marked the beginning of a new era in his life. They were uttered, we believe, by Mr. Henry Varley, and were as follows: "The world has yet to see what God will do with, and for, and in, and by, and through a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." This was not true, for God had already shown through Wesley, as well as through others, what He could do with men entirely given up to Him. Nevertheless, it made a great impression on the mind of Mr. Moody. He reflected: "He did not say a great man, nor a learned man, nor a rich man, nor a wise man, nor an eloquent man, but simply a man. I am a man, and it lies with the man himself whether or not he will make that entire and full consecration. I will try my best to be that man." The impression was deepened by another remark made by Mr. Bewley, of Dublin, who inquired if he was "all O and O," meaning all out and out for

Christ. "From that time forward, says the biographer, "the endeavor to be O and O for Christ was supreme."

It was not very long after this when another epoch in Mr. Moody's experience was marked by his intercourse with Henry Moorehouse, whose acquaintance he made in Dublin, and who came over to Chicago to preach for Mr. Moody in the Church he had there established, preaching for seven successive nights on the one text, "God so loved the world." A specially sweet baptism of love seems to have been the result. Again, in 1871, came a crisis which meant much to him. An intense hunger and thirst for spiritual power was aroused in him by two women who used to attend his meetings and sit on the front seat. He could see by the expression on their faces that they were praying. They told him that they were praying for him, because he needed the power of the Spirit and an anointing for special service. They talked and prayed with him. He says: "There came a great hunger into my soul. I did not know what it was. I began to cry out

as I never did before. I really felt that I did not want to live if I could not have this power for service." While he was in this mental and spiritual condition, Chicago was laid in ashes by the big fire. He worked hard to repair the losses, but he says: "My heart was not in the work of begging. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day in the city of New York—O what a day!—I can not describe it, I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. I can only say that God revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. The blessing came upon me suddenly, like a flash of lightning. I was filled with a sense of God's goodness, and felt as though I could take the whole world to my heart. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you should give me all the world—it would be as the small dust of the balance.

Since then I have never lost the assurance that I am walking in communion with God, and I have a joy in His service that sustains me and makes it easy work. I believe I was an older man then than I am now; I have been growing younger ever since. I used to be very tired when preaching three times a week; now I can preach five times a day and never get tired at all. I have done three times the work I did before, and it gets better and better every year. It is so easy to do a thing when love prompts you."

In the next year—1872—he was in England again, and attended the Mildmay Conference in London. He thus records his impression of the Rev. William Pennefather, founder of Mildmay: "I well remember seeing the beloved Mr. Pennefather's face illuminated as it were with heaven's light. I do n't think I can recall a word that he said, but the whole atmosphere of the man breathed holiness, and I got then a lift and impetus in the Christian life that I have never lost, and I believe the impression will remain with me to my dying day. I thank God that I saw and



spoke with that holy man; no one could see him without the consciousness that he lived in the presence of God."

One other special experience is given, which occurred much later—in 1892—when on his voyage from England he came very near being shipwrecked. He found himself, in the face of that imminent peril, not as calm as he should have been, not wholly delivered from the fear of death. He writes: "It was the darkest hour of my life. I could not endure it. I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry and enabled me to say from the depth of my heart, 'Thy will be done.' Sweet peace came to my soul. Let it be Northfield or heaven, it made no difference now." He was delivered from all his fears, and fell asleep almost immediately.

If the change that came to him in 1861 shall be dominated his second blessing, then it is clear that other and perhaps greater blessings, especially that in 1871, had to follow for the carrying on of the work of God in his soul, and that even as late as '92 there was still something to be



done. We believe this to be God's usual way, revealing the need gradually as the soul is best fitted to bear it and to take advantage of the opportunities brought in sight. Most people do not seize these opportunities, nor keep their hearts open to these calls. But Mr. Moody was so deeply desirous of the best things that he let slip no chance of spiritual gain. He could sincerely say with the Apostle Paul: "To me to live is Christ." Writing from Scotland in 1874, he declared: "One thing is my motto." Concentration and intensity characterized him; also simplicity and humility. He was willing to learn from every one. His patience, his sympathy, his unselfishness, his disregard of money, were very marked. He kept himself, so far as possible, with great care from every appearance of evil. He had a keen conscience, tremendous earnestness and a very complete trust in God. He refused to worry. He was able to throw off all burden of mind when he had done his utmost. It was only in this way that he endured the immense amount of exertion that he so constantly

put forth. "It is worry that kills," he would say, and after the most exacting work he would be able to relieve his mind of all anxiety and rest as quietly as a child. He could sleep almost to order.

Nothing is more marked about him than his devotion to God's Word, and his very high estimate of the importance of prayer. He rose at daybreak, at five o'clock or at six according to the season, to get an hour of quiet solitary communion with God, while his mind was fresh, before the activities of the day divided his attention, as an indispensable preparation for the day's work. He devoted it mainly to the Scriptures. He was an untiring Bible student, filling copy after copy of the Word with marginal notes and illustrative nugget thoughts. It nourished and strengthened his inner life as nothing else could. It was sweeter to him than the honeycomb. Prayer also held a great place with him. He was much in supplication, and records many answers. But he did not, as a rule, spend much time in secret prayer. Protracted seasons of

agonizing petition did not seem called for in his case. The very atmosphere in which he lived was one of constant communion with God. It was perfectly easy for him to stop wherever he was and talk with the Father as naturally as with a friend. He often did it as he was driving in the country. His closeness of walk was not limited to special occasions, but was continuous and very blessed.

He was at times homesick for heaven, even when a young man entering into Rutherford's burning words. As years increased the longing was greatly intensified. His departure (December 22, 1899) was very triumphant. "Earth recedes, heaven opens before me. It is beautiful. I have been beyond the gates of death, and to the very portals of heaven. If this is death, it is sweet. There is no valley here. God is calling me, and I must go." These were some of his latest words. The tombstone on Round Top, where his body lies, has simply this inscription, so strongly significant: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

In Mr. Moody the subjective and the objective sides of religion were marvelously combined. No passive Christianity would do for him. His wonderful achievements—in his revival campaigns, his Northfield schools, his Bible Institute, his Y. M. C. A. work, his colportage library, his efforts for the prisoners, etc., give loud witness of this fact. But he was not so shallow or so ignorant as to think that mere bustle would accomplish anything, or that the power lay in multiplied machinery. He was a magnificent example of sanctified common sense. He was a practical, whole-hearted, completely devoted, wholly consecrated Christian. His gifts may not be ours. But his graces are within our grasp, and an equally hearty “Well done!” will come to us from the Master if we are equally faithful.

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Lord, I have given my life to Thee,  
And every day and hour is Thine;  
What Thou appointest let them be;  
Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

And some innate weakness there must be  
In him that condescends to victory  
Such as the present gives, and can not wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.

A jewel is a jewel still  
Though lying in the dust;  
And sand is sand, though up to heaven  
By the tempest thrust.

The poem hangs on the berry bush  
When comes the poet's eye;  
And all the street is a masquerade  
When Shakespeare passes by.

*WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.*



All common things, each day's events,  
That with the day begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

## WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

WHEN ministers and missionaries are uncommonly good it seems easy for some people to discount their example with the plea that their special occupation gives them unusual advantages. Hence, when a man, who was in prominent public life for more than sixty years, and for a good part of that time carried on his shoulders the full burden of a great empire, manifests very marked piety it is particularly worth while to examine it. Mr. Gladstone certainly had enough to do and to think about to keep him extremely busy; and if that is ever an excuse for neglecting communion with God, he might have urged it. But it is certain that he did not. He was a great Christian. Not since Cromwell has there appeared an English ruler in whom the religious motive was so prominent. Religion was the center of his being always, from earliest days to latest.

He taught in Sunday-school as a youth, listened to sermons devoutly, read his Bible regularly at Eton, and became while there a member of the Church. An entry in his diary at Oxford, April 25, 1830, when he was nearly twenty-one, reveals the nourishing principle of his growth. He said: "In practice the great end is that the love of God may become the habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: (1) the spirit of love; (2) of self-sacrifice; (3) of purity; (4) of energy." He held prayer-meetings in his rooms, and paid the closest attention to all religious observances. Near the end of his college course he felt a strong drawing toward the ministry. In a long letter to his father about it he said: "The work of spreading religion has a claim infinitely transcending all others in dignity, in solemnity, and in usefulness." His mother wished this career for him; his father, while not opposing, bade him wait before deciding till he had seen a little more of the world. This "missionary impulse, this yearning for some apostolic destination, this glow of self-devotion to a su-

preme external will," his biographer says, "in essence never faded." A few days later he joined a small brotherhood, formed by one of his friends, with rules for systematic exercises of devotion and works of mercy.

In later life this same intense religiousness continued, taking other fervid forms. Unable to go as a missionary abroad, which he would have liked, he found a missionary field at home in personal labor for the fallen women of London. In these humane efforts at reclamation of the low-est he persevered to the last, fearless of misconception, regardless of the levity or baseness of men's tongues, and even in spite of the possible mischiefs to the important public policies that depended on him. But we do not know that any of them ever suffered on this account. He attached great importance to the dedication of not less than one-tenth of his means to the purposes of charity and religion. His account books prove that he never at any time in his life set aside less than a tenth of his income for God. From 1831 to 1897 the record shows that he gave about

£84,000 besides £30,000 for the founding of the hostel and library at St. Deniol's.

The Bible was everything to him. He records in his diary how, "on most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angel's wings;" and he gives many illustrations of it. He was most faithful to closet duties. He cultivated the habit—and found it most beneficial—of inwardly turning his thoughts to God during the intervals of business. He maintained that right and wrong depend on the same set of maxims in public as in private life. He had a passion for simplicity. He was thrifty of time and of money, hating waste; he took note of minor morals as well as major, was conscientious about paying compliments. He counted that the path through which highest sanctity is attained is in making our will one with the divine, so that we would not, if we could, alter anything which God has determined.

Life was to him a very serious business, "a great and noble calling," he said, "not a mean and

groveling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." He was one of that high and favored household who, in Emerson's noble phrase, "live from a great depth of being." He sought the attainment of grand ideals, and was guided by the highest moral aspirations. All men were forced to recognize this, even those least friendly. It was one main secret of his power. He held fast to righteousness. People were unable to question his integrity, however much they differed from him in policy. He had much to contend with in his natural disposition, for he combined the impulse, passion, pride, and fire of the Highlander with the caution and circumspection of the Lowlander. He attained complete self-mastery, but only by incessant wrestling in prayer. This is the testimony of his wife.

He showed, as few have done, how great a thing the life of a man may be made. He so lived and wrought that he kept the soul alive in England. He always asked, not what is popular, but what is right, and are the means as right as the



end. He did not follow public opinion; he led it, carrying his great schemes for the benefit of the nation and the world against the ignorance of the country and against the rooted standing prejudices of both branches of the legislature. He resisted with all his might the odious contention that moral progress in the relations of nations and States to one another is an illusion and a dream. He presents a most vivid example of public duty and private faithfulness. He was "one of the glories of mankind," with a fame as wide as the human race. The luster and long continuity of his public performances still left his innermost ideals constant and undimmed. "The contagion of the world's slow stain" did not infect him. When he died, as one not an Englishman said, "the world lost its greatest citizen."

Yet few men have been more intensely hated, subjects of deeper antagonism and more malicious assaults. One reason why he met such abuse was that most people were not good enough to understand him. The men of the world and of the clubs could not comprehend him at all.

All earnest, thoughtful persons admired and respected him; some loved him. The upper classes never took to him much; but he became more and more "the people's William," the idol of the masses, who recognized him after a while as the champion of their rights, the advocate of justice, the friend of liberty. He was a very rare combination of goodness and greatness, simplicity of character and subtlety of intellect, a magnificent mind and a saintly soul. It affords unmeasured satisfaction to see a man of his intellectual strength, his splendid power, his unrivaled achievements, bowing so low at the foot of the cross, attached so devotedly to the Church of Jesus Christ, so unwearied in good works, so unspotted by the world, and counting it his highest honor that he has a humble place among the hosts of the redeemed. His deepest longing as a young man was that he "might grow into the image of the Redeemer." He did so grow. He maintained his inner life in all its absorbing exaltations decade after decade, amid the ever-swelling rush of urgent secular affairs. He never lost the

breath of the diviner ether. Habitually he strove for the lofty uplands. Political life was simply a part of his religion; and so was literary life. The fuller the sunlight is thrown upon his days the brighter do they shine. Not only do the institutions of his country owe him a debt that can never be paid, but the whole world is the richer for his having lived. His example must do very much to promote true godliness.



Nothing pays but God,  
Served—in work obscure, done honestly,  
Or vote for truth unpopular,  
Or faith maintained to ruinous connections.

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.

*BENJAMIN M. ADAMS.*

To feel, although no tongue can prove,  
That every cloud that spreads above,  
And veileth love, is love itself.

## BENJAMIN M. ADAMS.

NO ONE who knew Benjamin M. Adams would question for a moment that when he took his triumphant flight to heaven from Bethel, Conn., December 23, 1902, in his seventy-ninth year, one of the brightest saints of Methodism passed on to glory. He loved the Lord with all his heart, and gave his long life with uninterrupted devotion and unquenchable zeal to the service of the Master, doing good and only good for more than half a century.

He was born at Stamford, Conn., April 11, 1824. Particulars of his early religious experience are not accessible. But there came a time after he was admitted to the Methodist ministry (which was in 1848) when, as he said, "B. M. Adams died." "It took me," he said, "about six hours to get to the bottom of things that day." When questioned as to whether he had ever sinned since, his reply was, "O, yes, many a time,



very likely; I fail, and have times of great humiliation before God; I am hot-blooded; but I have never stopped a second after I have had a conviction that I have grieved the Holy Spirit without hurrying to the blood of Jesus Christ." He referred undoubtedly in this statement to sins of ignorance, weakness, and surprise, which he was accustomed to carefully differentiate from intentional, deliberate transgressions. "The souls of men get on towards God," he said, "as a rule, by a series of crises." This was evidently his own experience, as it has been of nearly all others who have made any large advancements. They have gone to what they thought was the bottom of things in their soul-searching and self-surrender, and reaped great victories; and then, as development has proceeded, they have found other deeper bottoms which needed attention, and reached other consequent exaltations.

He made no high pretensions. "I have never professed Christian holiness or being filled with the Spirit," he said. He called himself just a seeker; but he declared, "I have found something

that has made me gay." He was identified, nearly all his life, with what may be termed the holiness movement; was indeed for some years a member of "the National Camp-Meeting Committee for the Promotion of Holiness," but he did not altogether enjoy the manner in which the doctrine was presented by most of the members, and, soon after the death of Alfred Cookman, with whom he was in closest sympathy, he severed his connection with the committee. He was everywhere a very acceptable exponent of the doctrine and practice of the higher Christian life. He was remarkably gifted with sound common sense, and combined saintliness with sanity to an uncommon degree. While essentially Methodist in his doctrine, he was by no means a bigot or a fanatic, wedded to any particular set of terms or shibboleths. His favorite theme was the fullness of the Holy Spirit, which he called the New Testament idea of religion, and this he presented with great clearness of statement and felicity of illustration.

He was thoroughly original, "a paragon of

sanctified naturalness." "Be yourself," was one of his most frequent exhortations. "The Holy Spirit sets your individuality free. Let the Lord sit down at the keyboard and play you all over, all the stops out. Risk God; let Him take you; let things go; dare to do. When God comes into a man he always follows the grain, just as lightning does when it strikes a tree. If you are good for anything you are peculiar; a man that has any go in him has some special way of going. Save your knots, they are probably the best things about you; do not let them all be planed out of you for anything in the world. The Lord deliver us from the curse of the commonplace, from everlasting sameness and tameness. Entire sanctification does not turn men into putty or spquash; it promotes masculinity. Look at the imperial manliness of the Lord Jesus Christ; he would not speak to Herod, that rotten old wretch."

Another frequent injunction was, "Be alone with God as much as you can; that has been my chief secret. Take time to be long with God in

prayer. If you come to a knotty spot pray it through." He used sometimes to take whole days to pray; he prayed till he had a full consciousness of victory, victory for the campaign in behalf of souls on which he was entering, till he could look over the whole field, as he expressed it, and not see the devil anywhere in sight, he had been so thoroughly fought to a finish, so conclusively put on the run. "Have a day alone with God," he used to say; "form a prayer trust." He was greatly given to intercessory prayer; he had a long list of people that he prayed for every day, a list hung up in his study, a hundred or more, bishops, ministers, and others. He said, "I make it a rule never to leave my room in the morning without a consciousness of the presence of God. I tie to God in the morning for the day's work, and in the evening for the night's rest. My place of inspiration and recuperation is the closet. The Book of Psalms is a wonderful prayer-book." Sunday morning he usually spent two hours in prayer, and read through the Book of Revelation; he had read it before the close of

his life nearly 1,200 times. The city of the rainbows and the hallelujahs inspired him for the pulpit; he liked to see, he said, how things were coming out. He went into the pulpit with shaking knees, not through fear, but through a deep consciousness of the importance of the message and of the fact that some, very likely, might be hearing it for the last time. He accounted it "Paradise to preach;" "my play-spell is in the pulpit." He esteemed it a most magnificent thing to be a Methodist preacher, considering the Methodist Church to be the one best adapted in the world for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "These are the best days of Methodism in my opinion; there are great days of God's power just as often now as in the ancient times."

He was somewhat demonstrative, fittingly so, on principle as well as by nature. He believed in the utmost liberty in these matters, no repression. "Methodists should be in better business," he would remark, "than trying to suppress their emotions; if you keep shutting off the steam, after a while the engine blows up or the fire goes out."



“A dry hallelujah is poor stuff; a wet hallelujah is just what we want.” “The baptism of the Holy Ghost to-day means the burning heart, a living fire in the soul. It will enable us to speak with another tongue; the tongue that is worked by the burning heart will have persuasive power. The Churches are suffering from cold storage, from frigidity; they are decorous as gravestones. When God comes in fullness he makes hot; the torrid zone is where everything grows luxuriantly. You can make a bonfire on the ice and change the climate where you are if you are the only one in the Church with a burning heart. Your experience must be burnt in, not simply painted on, like china which has been in the furnace. A man filled with the Holy Ghost is a king; he can go anywhere he pleases around this universe.” “As long as a man is on the line of discovering God he will keep his enthusiasm, and not a moment longer.” “There must be no divorce between the head and the heart.” “When a man can tell all about his experience he has not got the New Testament brand. I believe in un-



tellable things, the things that beggar the dictionary and make language poor, that can not be defined. Who is going to define the joy of the Lord, or phrase an emotion? Sometimes all we can say is, 'O the depth.' There are times when God simply swamps me; He is too big for me; what an overwhelming power there is in saving grace, in 'the speechless awe that dares not move.' "

He thoroughly believed that the care of the body had a great deal to do with the inner life, that the joy of the Lord was the greatest thing for health. He took pains with regular exercise, was very much of an athlete, given to gymnastics, and very particular to follow all the laws of his physical system. When a young man it was not supposed that he could live more than two years because of lung disease, but through proper remedies he became very strong, a monument of physical vigor. "The way to postpone superannuation," he said, "is to keep filled with God." "A good remedy for strife after place is to be so rich in God that you can afford to do without every-

thing else.” “I have had a very happy ministry, and I am a very happy old man.” He had a deep desire to show that a man can be an effective Methodist preacher until eighty. But this prayer was not granted. The zeal of the Lord and of His house consumed him. The last summer of his life he was in labors exceedingly abundant, at camp-meetings and conventions in many places, and it proved that he had unwittingly gone beyond his strength.

He served some of the best Churches in the New York and New York East Conferences, was presiding elder for two terms, was one of the founders of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting, for many years conducted the devotional hour at the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly, wrote or inspired a few hymns that will live, and some important articles. He had no great amount of education; but he knew men, knew God, knew the Bible, and knew how to bring these together. Extensive revivals attended his ministry, and the Churches were built up in Scriptural holiness. He was very nearly a model as the guiding genius

of a spiritual conference. Without a word of cant or sensationalism, or censoriousness, or over-obtrusion of self, he taught as one who has been habitually with Jesus. Original in statement, genial in disposition, fervent in spirit, his utterances well seasoned oftentimes with the salt of wit, yet never diverted from the full recognition of the Infinite—favored were those who sat at his feet.

We shall not soon look upon his like again. He stood for the burning heart, for the hallelujah type of religion, for the Spirit-filled life. He was cheerful, hopeful, buoyant, optimistic, a man of prayer and yet a man of affairs, carrying the divine presence ever out into the world, which he did his best to make over after the pattern showed him in the mount. He aimed to do his best for God wherever he was all the time. He knew where his sanctification began, but he could find no place for it to end. He was ever on the line of discovery, ever growing. He kept a pad of paper and an electric candle by his bedside, that if God revealed something to him at night

he could secure it at once. Some years ago he awaked in the middle of the night and seemed to hear a voice saying, "Help yourself to God!" At first it seemed almost shocking and irreverent, but the words repeated themselves over and over, "Help yourself to God, help yourself!" And a sense of peace and joy unspeakable filled his heart, while he realized as never before how God stands at our side waiting to give us abundantly of his Spirit so that we have only to help ourselves. He surely helped himself very largely. "How cheap it is," he shouted once; "how little it has cost me to have this great blessing; anything that is necessary in order to have the Holy Ghost is dirt cheap." His prayer was, "O God, do Thy best in me, and O God, help me to do my best for Thee." He was fond of saying, "Whatever God has done in man He can do again, and whatever God has done by man He can do again, for He is no respecter of persons."

A circular letter which he sent out on his seventy-fifth birthday, April 11, 1889, contains this testimony, with which this imperfect sketch

may well conclude: "Spiritually these are my best days. Prayer is an increasing delight, the Bible a growing wonder, and labor for souls an intenser passion than ever. Never have the great Gospel truths as set forth in the statements of Methodism been so dear to me, or so fully possessed me. Looking back over the fifty-one years of my ministry, I see wanderings, mistakes, and sins, but I have aimed at a holy life, and I am still seeking it; if so be I may have the testimony that I please God. Life is sweet to me; God's Word charms me more and more, preaching and the work of the pastor were never so attractive; so I am not longing to go where I am not yet wanted, but doing my best to be ready when the sunset gun fires and my flag falls."

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Know well, my soul, God's hands control,  
What e'er thou fearest;  
Round Him, in calmest music, rolls  
What e'er thou hearest.





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